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## The Independent, V. 35, Thursday, August 19, 1909, [Whole Number: 1780]

The Independent

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ESTABLISHED 1875.  
EIGHT PAGES  
EVERY WEEK.  
52 NUMBERS  
ONE DOLLAR.  
ACCEPT AND DEFEND THE TRUTH  
WHEREVER FOUND.

# The Independent

## Collegeville, Pa.

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ADVERTISEMENTS ON EVERY PAGE.

VOLUME THIRTY-FIVE.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1909.

WHOLE NUMBER, 1780

A FIRST-CLASS ADVERTISING MEDIUM IN THE MIDDLE SECTION OF MONTGOMERY COUNTY.

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(Successor to Dr. Chas. Ryckman.)  
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Also member of the Montgomery County Bar.

**HARVEY L. SHOMO,**  
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321 SWEDE STREET, NORRISTOWN, PA.  
RESIDENCE—ROYERSFORD.  
Both 'Phones.

**HERBERT U. MOORE,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
ALBERTSON TRUST CO. BUILDING,  
306 Swede St., Norristown, Pa.  
Bell and Keystone 'Phones. 6-15.

**JOSEPH S. KRATZ,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
1009 COMMONWEALTH BUILDING, 12th  
and CHESTNUT STREETS,  
Philadelphia.  
Telephones.

**O. L. EVANS,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
323 SWEDE STREET, NORRISTOWN, PA.  
At residence, Limerick, every evening.  
Bell Phone 92. Keystone Phone, 27.

**THOMAS HALLMAN,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
323 SWEDE STREET, NORRISTOWN, PA.  
At my residence, next door to National Bank,  
Collegeville, every evening. 1-25.

**J. STROUD WEBER,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
No. 6 EAST AIRY ST., NORRISTOWN.  
Can be consulted every evening at his resi-  
dence in Evansburg. Both 'phones. 11-26

**U. S. G. FINKBINER,**  
Real Estate and Insurance,  
LOANS and INVESTMENTS, NOTARY  
PUBLIC, ROYERSFORD, PA.

**JOHN J. RADCLIFF,**  
Painter and Paper Hanger  
MAIN STREET (near borough line) COL-  
LEGEVILLE, PA. Contracts taken and good  
work and material guaranteed. Full line wall  
paper and paint for sale.

**E. S. POLEY,**  
Contractor and Builder,  
TRAPPE, PA.  
Prompt and accurate in building construction.  
Estimates cheerfully furnished. 5-23

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SCHWENKSVILLE, PA.  
Slaters and Roofers.  
And dealer in Slate, Slate Flaggings, Grey  
Stone, etc. Estimates furnished. Work con-  
tracted at lowest prices. 11-00

**EDWARD DAVID,**  
Painter and  
Paper-Hanger,  
COLLEGEVILLE, PA. Samples of paper  
always on hand.

**F. W. SCHEUREN'S**  
SHAVING PARLOR,  
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Second Door Above Railroad.  
Finest grades of CIGARS and TOBACCO  
always on hand.

**HENRY BOWER,**  
Veterinary Surgeon,  
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.  
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**DANIEL M. ANDERS,**  
Real Estate Bought, Sold  
and Exchanged.

Stocks and Bonds Bought and Sold.  
INSURANCE EFFECTED.  
Room 51, Boyer Arcade. P. O. Box 467,  
NORRISTOWN, PA.

**HOUSEKEEPERS**  
will find it to their advantage to in-  
spect my stock of COOK STOVES,  
RANGES, and PARLOR HEATERS.  
I handle none but the best and study to  
please my patrons. Every stove, range  
and heater is guaranteed and must give  
entire satisfaction.

SPECIAL ATTENTION given to tin-  
roofing, spouting, and all kinds of repair-  
ing in tin-smith work. Milk cans sold and  
repaired.  
Your patronage will be appreciated.

**F. C. POLEY,**  
LIMERICK SQUARE, PA.  
EYES CAREFULLY EXAMINED  
LENSES ACCURATELY GRIND  
EXPERT FRAME ADJUSTING  
**A. B. PARKER**  
Optometrist  
210 DeKalb Street NORRISTOWN, PA.

## FIRST PLAYING CARDS

They Seem to Have Sprung From  
the Naibis of the Saracens.

### INVENTION OF A VENETIAN.

The Evidence Appears to Prove That  
Games With Cards Originated To-  
ward the End of the Fourteenth Cen-  
tury—The Cards of Charles VI.

The earliest direct mention of play-  
ing cards discovered so far is in the  
"History of the City of Viterbo," says  
the New York Telegraph. The author  
quotes Covelluzzo, who wrote about  
the end of the fifteenth century:

"In the year of 1379 was brought  
into Viterbo the game of cards, which  
comes from the country of the Saracens  
and is with them called naib."

It is worthy of remark that Covell-  
uzzo did not write at that date he  
mentioned, but a century later, in  
1480, and it is quite possible that he  
may have been mistaken in attribut-  
ing the cards to Saracenic origin or  
may have simply been quoting a popu-  
lar tradition. The Saracens were fa-  
miliar with naibis, the predecessor of  
cards, but they did not invent the  
game of cards, of which naibis were  
only a part.

The earliest date about which there  
can be no dispute at which playing  
cards are directly mentioned by a  
writer as a matter of his personal ex-  
perience is that discovered in the re-  
gister of the court treasurer of France,  
in the reign of Charles VI. The entry  
is under the date of Feb. 1, 1392, as  
follows:

"Given to Jacquemin Gringonneur,  
painter, for three packs of playing  
cards, in gold and various colors and  
ornamented with several devices, to  
carry before the lord our king for his  
amusement 56 sols of Paris."

This is the foundation upon which  
is based the popular notion that play-  
ing cards were invented for the amuse-  
ment of a crazy French king. Critics  
have pointed out that the amount paid  
is simply for the hand painting and  
decoration of the cards. There is noth-  
ing in the entry that gives ground for  
supposing that the cards themselves  
were new.

There are on exhibition today at the  
National library in Paris what are  
supposed to be seventeen of these  
cards that were painted for Charles  
VI, and this has strengthened the im-  
pression that they are the original  
model from which all playing cards  
have been copied. Unfortunately for  
the fame of the exhibit, it has been  
proved that the cards shown in Paris  
are really very fine Venetian tarok  
cards and are part of an edition made  
at least as late as 1425.

During the twenty years that follow

this date of the royal treasurer's (1392)  
literature is full of references to play-  
ing cards. Almost every author that  
mentions games of gambling parapher-  
nalia particularizes one or more games  
of cards. But before that date no alu-  
sion has been found to a game that  
could be construed as a card game, al-  
though there are several writers who  
might reasonably be expected to men-  
tion cards if they were acquainted  
with them.

Hugh von Tynberg, who wrote in the  
second half of the thirteenth and the  
beginning of the fourteenth cen-  
tury; Petrarch, who wrote in the first  
half of the fourteenth century; Chau-  
cer, who wrote in the second half of  
the fourteenth century, made no men-  
tion of cards, although in the writings  
of all of them there are references to  
gambling tables and implements.

In the Escorial library there is a  
manuscript composed by order of Don  
Alphonso the Wise, dated 1321, which  
gives the rules for a number of games,  
especially chess and dice, but does not  
contain a word about cards.

But one naturally asks if the earliest  
mention of cards is to be found in the  
register of the royal treasurer of  
France where did cards come from if  
they were not a new thing to him?

To go back a little, it is well known  
that there existed long before the date  
of any mention of playing cards a series  
of emblematic pictures called naibis,  
which were used by gypsies  
and others for the purpose of fortune  
telling and sorcery. It is probably  
these naibis that were brought to Eu-  
rope by the Saracens, and perhaps  
they were supposed to be of Saracenic  
origin.

Authorities seem to be pretty well  
agreed that toward the end of the  
fourteenth century some inventive  
genius, probably a Venetian, selected a  
number of these naibis or pictures and  
added to them a series of numeral  
cards so as to convert them into im-  
plements by which the excitement of  
chance and the interest of gaming  
might be added to the amusement af-  
forded by the original naibis.

The principal reason for assuming  
that cards originated in Italy and not  
in France is that the names of the  
cards themselves and the names of the  
earliest known games played with  
them are all Italian and that these  
Italian terms were carried all over  
Europe. If they were of French origin  
the nomenclature might be expected  
to be French.

There is an abundant evidence that  
the playing cards which rapidly found  
their way all over Europe were made  
in Venice. As each country got to  
making its own cards the emblems of  
the suits were changed to please the  
national fancy until there is nothing  
left today of the original faith, char-  
ity, justice and fortitude which were  
represented on the first Italian packs.

"Every rose has its thorn, and unfor-  
tunately the thorn outlives the rose."

### A PRECOCIOUS DOG.

The Wonderful Feats He Performed  
For Joseph Jefferson.

There is a story that is told of Jo-  
seph Jefferson and the boys that had  
to do with the training of dogs. It  
appears that there was a gentleman in  
New Iberia who owned a very intelli-  
gent animal, and he was most anxious  
for Mr. Jefferson to see an example of  
his prowess. Accordingly he brought  
him to the island one day and put him  
through his various tricks, which were  
remarkably clever.

When the performance was over Mr.  
Jefferson expressed his appreciation  
and wonder at what the dog had done,  
but added that he had an animal that  
was even more remarkable. As the  
gentleman seemed to be in some doubt  
as to the truth of this statement the  
dog, a dejected, stupid looking beast,  
was produced, and Mr. Jefferson or-  
dered him to go into his room and  
bring him a shoe.

Obediently the dog trotted into the  
house to presently reappear with the  
shoe in his mouth. Taking it from  
him, Mr. Jefferson patted him upon  
the head and told him to return to his  
room and bring him the slipper for his  
left foot.

"And, mind you, bring the left one,"  
he cautioned as the animal trotted  
away.

When he returned in a moment with  
the left slipper the gentleman could  
hardly express his astonishment, but  
Mr. Jefferson waved the matter indif-  
ferently aside.

"It is nothing," said he. "However,  
we will now try something a little  
more difficult." Then, turning to the  
dog, he spoke to him very slowly and  
carefully. "Now go into the library,"  
said he, "look upon the bottom shelf on  
the right hand side of the room and  
you will see a set of Dickens. Bring  
me the second volume. Remember,  
now, the second volume; not the first  
or the third, but the second."

When the dog returned in a few  
moments with the second volume in  
his mouth the gentleman retired in the  
utmost confusion, declaring that in  
comparison with such a prodigy his  
own much vaunted animal was little

better than an imbecile.

And I may add that Mr. Jefferson  
enjoyed the joke fully as much as did  
the boys, who, according to a prear-  
ranged plan, had placed each succes-  
sive article in the prodigy's mouth. As  
to the prodigy, his one accomplishment  
consisted of trotting into the house  
and trotting out of it again.—Nevil G.  
Henshaw in Bohemian.

### Table Mountain.

At Capetown, in South Africa, where  
the traveler usually has the first  
glimpse of the continent, is Table  
mountain, a magnificent natural curi-  
osity which rises behind the city to  
the height of almost 4,000 feet and  
has a level top about three square  
miles in area. Its resemblance to a  
huge table is so marked that the  
dense clouds which collect at times  
around the summit are referred to as  
the tablecloth. A pretty little flower  
which is found nowhere else on earth  
grows on top, while on the northern  
side of its base is a similarly rare  
tree, popularly called the silver leaf  
tree.

### The Slow One.

"Would you," he said after they had  
been sitting in the dark for a long  
time, "be angry with me if I were to  
kiss you?"

She was silent for a moment. Then  
in tones the meaning of which was not  
to be mistaken she replied:

"Why do you suppose I turned down  
the light an hour and a half ago?"

And yet he wondered, poor fool, how  
other young men who had started far  
in the rear were able to pass him in  
the race of life.

### A Chronic Grumbler.

Charles Lamb tells of a chronic  
grumbler who always complained at  
whist because he had so few trumps.  
By some artifice his companions man-  
aged to fix "the cards so that when he  
dealt he got the whole thirteen, hoping  
to extort some expression of satisfac-  
tion, but he only looked more wretch-  
ed than ever as he examined his hand.

"Well, Tom," said Lamb, "haven't  
you trumps enough this time?"

"Yes," grunted Tom, "but I've no  
other cards."

### DRUG DREAMS.

Queer Visions Conjured Up In the  
Brains of Daring Experimenters.

An experimenter with the Mexican  
drug mescal is rewarded by many  
and varied visions. Before him flit  
myriads of dainty butterfly forms, glist-  
ening, iridescent, fibrous wings of  
insects, revolving vessels on whose  
highly polished concave surface of  
mother-of-pearl many strange and vivid  
hues play. There are elaborate sweet-  
meats in endless and appetizing vari-  
ety and living arabesques of gorgeous  
hues and superhuman design.

He may take up a pen for the pur-  
pose of making notes, but will find  
himself unable to use it. A pencil  
however, proves easy of manipulation.  
As he writes his paper is covered  
with a soft golden light, and his hands,  
seen indirectly, appear bronzed, scaled,  
fantastically pigmented and flushed  
with red.

Tiring of the visions, he may light  
the gas, which immediately fills the  
room with a glorious radiance, while  
wonderfully colored shadows of red,  
green and violet flit here and there.  
Generally, it is said, no feeling of de-  
pression or physical discomfort fol-  
lows the dream.

A medical experimenter in Kentucky  
soon after taking a large dose of hash-  
eesh began to feel very excited; a feel-  
ing of inner joyousness possessed him;  
all fatigue seemed banished forever,  
and his mind ran riot, one bizarre idea  
after another rapidly passing through  
his mind. Later his brain appeared  
to split in two parts, one of which  
urged him to the performance of comic  
gestures, while the other as insistently  
hinted at impending death and sug-  
gested restraint and instant medical  
advice.

While waiting for a doctor he experi-  
enced alternate spells of lucidity and  
periods when all connections between  
himself and the outside world seemed  
to be severed, when a chaos of disjoint-  
ed ideas and wild reveries obsessed  
him. The duration of these latter  
periods was never longer than two  
minutes, but each seemed an eternity.  
It appeared a hopeless task to follow  
the minute hand of his watch during  
its infinite round; long before the sixty  
seconds had elapsed he gave up the  
stupendous task in deep despair. The  
departure of the doctor synchronized  
with the return of the feeling of im-  
pending death, now most horribly in-  
tense.

He imagined himself surrounded by  
grotesque, menacing, cruel visaged  
monsters. He felt himself expanding,  
dilating, dissolving into space, as he  
ascended steep precipices, covered  
with Brobdignagian creatures, some-  
what like lizards, overhanging enor-  
mous abysses, the while he was over-  
whelmed by a horrible, rending, un-  
utterable despair.—Detroit News-Trib-  
une

Communicated.

### A FISH STORY.

DEAR EDITOR:—No doubt you re-  
ceive hundreds of letters during  
the open season for bass, asking  
your advice as to the best holes in  
the Perkiomen for catching the big  
ones, the size the inquirer might  
reasonably expect to catch and  
about how many he would hook out  
in one sitting of 16½ hours. Now,  
Mr. Editor, I hope you will appre-  
ciate my effort to lighten your  
troubles by relating some of my  
own, not that I expect the fishing  
public will believe me any sooner  
than they would you, but I have  
had the experience and know  
whereof I say.

One morning recently a party of  
three of us took a trip down the  
creek where we had been informed  
the prize winners would be anx-  
iously awaiting our choice lot of  
bait. The first in our party was a  
city chap who knew something  
about the game. The second fellow  
resides in Dogtown, one of the sub-  
urbs of the city of Arcola, and is  
reached by the Shitepoke Level  
Trolley Line. (See time table at  
Shep's.) My Dogtown friend is a  
skinny little runt, who knows all  
the good places between the Weldon  
House and the Junction, both to  
buy bait and holes to drown the  
bait in, that is, some of the bait.

The last and also the best of the  
party was myself. I say last, sim-  
ply because the other two together  
couldn't begin to know half as much  
as I do about most every subject we  
would argue on. Well, we landed  
from the trolley just below the  
Arcola bridge and at once unfurled  
our outfit and started in to fish. I  
had not fished over six or eight  
hours before I concluded we ought  
to have some minnows, so I took my  
new minnow net (which, by the  
way, had been presented to me that  
morning by the gent from the city,  
whom, I guess, relented afterward  
of doing so, as he rolled it up and  
took it home with him, but it is all  
right,) and walked over the hills to  
Skipack creek. I had on a pair of  
hip boots, though why they call  
them hip boots is not plain to me, as  
I only got wet from my knees down;  
there were no holes in them above  
the knees, but below they would  
hardly hold corn on the cob. It  
ain't for me to say who owned the  
boots. But that don't matter, for  
after floundering around over the  
slippery stones for about several  
hours I took account of the minnows  
caught, and found I hadn't caught  
any; so I skippacked to camp with  
them. Upon arriving near camp I  
heard an altercation between the  
city chap and the skinny runt. I  
hid myself in the high grass to look  
and listen. Skinny had a fish by  
the head and the other fellow had it  
by the tail with one hand and was  
holding a five-foot rule in the other  
hand. They were both pulling for  
all they were worth to stretch that  
poor little bass out to a lawful size;  
it looked more like a lamper eel  
than a bass. Skinny happened to  
see the fish warden coming toward  
them; then there was exciting times  
for a bit; with one more desperate  
yank at the fish, off came its tail,  
and as the warden was then upon  
them, the city chap chuckled the  
tail in his mouth and down it went.

The warden took the front end of  
the bass from Skinny, and as he  
could only measure up 4½ inches,  
he showed signs of distemper; but  
when the city chap crossed his  
breast and said he had swallowed  
over half of the fish the warden  
gave a sigh, and turning to the bait  
bottle, said nothing and done noth-  
ing; but started up the creek to see  
if he was acquainted with anybody  
else. As the sun was about down  
we agreed to take a general inven-  
tory of the day's catch. Not count-  
ing the bass that got torn up by  
measuring (which, by the way,  
Skinny had stolen from two little  
boys while after a bucket of water  
for our party) we found that if we  
had caught just two more bass each  
our party would have had six of the

finest bass caught at Arcola this  
season. The smallest would have  
weighed 4 pounds and 11½ ounces  
and the largest one 6 pounds and 7½  
ounces. Like all truthful and care-  
ful fishermen do, we had these  
weights all cut and dried before we  
left home; but we fell down on the  
whole thing, for we didn't get a  
darned bite all day.

Yours in sorrow,  
THE BEST OF THE THREE.

### LARGEST OLIVE RANCH IN THE WORLD.

Very few eastern people, compar-  
atively, know that the largest olive  
ranch in the world is located within  
25 miles of Los Angeles, Cal. This  
wonderful orchard, situated at Syl-  
mar, is ten times larger than the  
biggest olive ranch in Spain. There  
are over 12,000 olive-bearing trees,  
and they average 50 pounds of olives  
to the tree. The Sylmar ranch con-  
sists of 12,000 acres, and each acre  
contains 110 trees, which produce  
2,000 gallons of olives each season.  
This quantity of fruit makes 250 gal-  
lons of pure olive oil—valued at \$2  
per gallon—thus equaling \$500 per  
acre profit. The olive wood is highly  
prized by cabinet makers, as it is  
very hard and takes a high polish.  
The Italians consider an olive orchard  
as a perpetual source of wealth, as  
the older it grows the more valu-  
able it becomes. The trees are sup-  
posed to live about 4,000 years, un-  
der favorable conditions. There are  
some olive trees now on the Mount  
of Olives, in Palestine, which are  
computed to be not less than 3,000  
years old. The olive industry has  
been growing steadily in California  
since its first introduction by the  
early Spanish mission fathers; and  
the olive culture in that State can  
never be overdone, since the olive  
can be produced on the American  
continent with any degree of suc-  
cess only in central and southern  
California, New Mexico, and Ari-  
zona.

### THE DISTANCE SENSE OF THE BLIND.

It has long been known that some  
blind persons can move about in  
places that are entirely strange to  
them with a remarkable degree of  
certainty and without coming into  
collision with any large object.  
Half a century ago Spallanzani dis-  
covered that bats can steer clear of  
obstacles in total darkness. In  
order to make sure that the sense  
of sight was not employed; he  
blinded some bats, and found that  
they flew about as confidently and  
safely as before.

This experiment proved that  
warning of the presence of objects  
is received through some part of  
the surface of the body other than  
the eyes. In the case of blind per-  
sons, it was thought at one time  
that this warning was given by  
sound waves reflected by the ob-  
jects, but this theory is disproved  
by a simple experiment. When a  
blind man's ears are stopped com-  
pletely the sense of distance re-  
mains, although it is greatly di-  
minished. This shows that the  
sense of distance is not identical  
with the sense of hearing and that  
a distinction must be made between  
the sense of distance and the di-  
rectional power of the blind. This  
power depends chiefly upon the  
sense of distance, but involves also  
hearing, smell, the temperature  
sense, and perhaps still other fac-  
tors.

It is a noteworthy fact that the  
sense of distance is not possessed  
by all blind persons, but is found  
only in a few and to very different  
degrees in these. The blind pos-  
sessors of this sense locate it in and  
near the forehead and say that the  
sensation is vague and somewhat  
resembles a light touch. From  
the experiment of Kunz, Woefflin  
and others it appears very probable  
that the distance sense is a function  
of the sensory fibres of the first  
branch of the nervous trigeminus,  
which ramifies the face. It is still  
unknown whether the distance  
sense is served by special nerves  
or by fibers which also serve the  
the pressure and other senses.



# THE INDEPENDENT

TERMS -- \$1.00 PER YEAR  
IN ADVANCE.

Thursday, Aug. 19, '09.

## CHURCH SERVICES.

St. James' Church, Lower Providence, Rev. F. S. Ballentine, rector. Morning service and sermon, 10.30. Sunday School, 1.45 p. m. Evening service and sermon, 8. Holy Communion, First Sunday in the month. All are cordially invited and welcome.

Trinity Reformed Church, Collegeville, Rev. F. C. Yost, D. D., pastor. Services next Sunday at 10 a. m. Sunday School at 9. Junior Christian Endeavor at 2 p. m., and Senior U. E. at 7 p. m.

St. Paul's Memorial Church, near Oaks Station, Rev. G. W. Barnes, Rector. Sunday Services--10.30 a. m.; 3.30 p. m. Sunday School--2.15 p. m. Vested choir. Free sittings. Cordial welcome. The Rector residing in the parish, will be pleased to receive calls for visitations or ministrations. Address Oaks P. O.

St. Luke's Reformed Church, Trappe, Rev. S. L. Messinger, D. D., pastor. Sunday School at 8.45 a. m. Preaching at 10 a. m. and 7.45 p. m. Junior Endeavor prayer meeting at 2 p. m. Y. P. S. O. E. prayer meeting at 6.45 p. m. Bible study meeting on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. All are most cordially invited to attend the services.

Evansburg M. E. Church.--Sunday School at 9.45 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m.

United Evangelical Church, Trappe Circuit, Rev. Geo. R. Riffert, pastor. Trappe--Preaching at 7.15 p. m., on the subject of Temperance. A prominent and able representative of the Anti-Saloon League of Philadelphia will deliver the address; Sunday School at 2 p. m.; prayer meeting at 10 a. m. Limerick--Preaching at 10 a. m.; Sunday School at 9 a. m.; C. E. at 7.30 p. m.

Passenger trains leave Collegeville for Philadelphia: 7.03, 7.45, 11.30 a. m., 6.05 p. m. Sunday--7.11 a. m., 6.33 p. m. For Allentown: 7.45, 11.02 a. m., 4.27, 6.05 p. m. Sundays--8.30 a. m., 7.39 p. m.

## Home and Abroad.

—Welcome!

—Thrice welcome the rain

—That fell upon the parched earth beginning of the present week.

—It came just in time to save many thousands of dollars for the farmers.

—The severe drought has been broken,

—And it is to be hoped that it will stay broken for the remainder of the season.

—It is stated that Abner Barndt is about to establish a stocking factory on Third avenue, this borough.

—An open meeting of the Upper Providence Alumni Association was held in the Mennonite schoolhouse, near Yerkes, last Saturday evening.

—"Why Johnny, what are you crying so about?" "Got a lickin'!" "Well, don't you mind." "G'wan! That's wot I wuz licked fer!"—Cleveland Leader.

—Emaus, with a population of 4000, has 39 residents between 70 and 89 years of age.

—Two bay horses, with harness and a carriage were stolen from Newton E. Wood, of Hatboro, Sunday night.

—The Montgomery Fire Company of Norristown, is drilling its members to take part in the big parade at Reading on Labor day.

—A black bass 22 inches long was caught in the Perkiomen by Max Weitzhukorn, of Pottstown, and it required 25 minutes to land it.

—Descendants of Jacob Markley, who settled in Skippack about the middle of the eighteenth century, will meet in reunion at Ringing Rocks Park, near Pottstown this Thursday.

—"Some folks is born lucky," said Uncle Eben, "and de man dat is born wif plain common sense is one of 'em"—Washington Star.

—One of the biggest jobs in life is for a man to love his wife about a millionth part as much as it seemed in their love letters.—New York Press.

—Because Town Council has not provided funds for its maintenance, the Friendship Hook and Ladder Company, of Royersford, may close up its fire house.

## 'Twas a Glorious Victory.

There's rejoicing in Fedora, Tenn. A man's life has been saved, and now Dr. King's New Discovery is the talk of the town for curing C. V. Pepper of deadly lung hemorrhages. "I could not work nor get about," he writes, "and the doctors did me no good; but, after using Dr. King's New Discovery three weeks, I feel like a new man, and can do good work again." For weak, sore or diseased lungs, Coughs and Colds, Hemorrhages, Hay Fever, LaGrippe, Asthma or any Bronchial affection, it stands unrivaled. Price 50c. and \$1. Trial bottle free. Sold and guaranteed by Joseph W. Culbert, Collegeville, and by M. F. Hunsicker, Ironbridge.

—Eating poisonous berries, little Dorothy Hoffman, of Monacaoy, died after intense suffering, and her 3-year-old brother is critically ill from the same cause.

—Albert Smalshaf and Jacob Gilbert, two Pottstown youths, are on a 100-mile pedestrian trip through New Jersey and then down the Lehigh Valley.

—Mrs. Susanna Finkbinder, 93 years old, who died on Sunday in Spring City, was the oldest person in that section and nearly all her life was a member of Zion's Lutheran church.

—Henry Kerper, an aged Reading resident, is one of the small remnant left in that city of the "49-ers" who went to California in 1849 to search for gold, and says he remembers when half the population of San Francisco lived in tents.

## Longaker Family Reunion.

The annual meeting and reunion of the Longaker Family will be held at Ringing Rocks Park on Saturday, August 28, 1909.

## Fire Insurance Assessment.

At the recent meeting of the Managers of the Perkiomen Valley Mutual Fire Insurance Company a tax of \$1.50 per thousand, to date from August 16, was made.

## Improvements.

Isaac Jones of near Black Rock, Upper Providence, is about to have his house replastered. Mr. Jones has already effected a number of improvements to his property.

## All Want Better Mail Facilities.

The petition in circulation in the Perkiomen Valley asking for enlarged mail facilities, to which detailed reference was made a short time ago, is being numerously signed.

## In Bed Once in 21 Years.

W. H. Boyer, keeper of the Turnpike Company's gate at Pennsburg, has slept in bed only once in 21 years, and that was while he was on a trip to Ohio. He sleeps on a chair tilted against the wall.

## Invitations Issued.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Harding have issued invitations to a wedding reception in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Keller at the Railroad House, this borough, on Wednesday, August 25, 1909, at 8 p. m.

## Motor Cycle in Town.

The first motor cycle to be located permanently in this borough was recently purchased by Mr. J. C. Landes. Mr. Landes is becoming acquainted with the mysteries of the machine and will soon be operating it successfully.

## Big Potato in a Dry Season.

A. K. Stoudt, of Skippack, last week exhibited at the Montgomery Transcript office a State of Maine potato taken from his patch that weighed 17½ ounces. Addison thinks the specimen will hold all competitors under until he digs out the larger ones.

## Census Supervisor Named.

Just before he sailed for Europe last week Congressman I. P. Wanger named Oscar Bean, of Doylestown, for Supervisor of the Census for the Bucks-Montgomery district. The pay for the supervisor will be \$1500, with an allowance of \$1 for each 1000 inhabitants or fraction thereof enumerated in his district.

## Bail Furnished.

One Howard Bodey has caused Horace Ashenfelter, Samuel Shaffer, Emanuel Shaffer and Jesse Shaffer, neighbors to Bodey, to furnish bail for appearance at court upon sundry charges, including the breaking down of fences, and so forth. None of the defendants, all of whom reside in Upper Providence, are losing any sleep.

## Washington's Plague Spots

lie in the low, marshy bottoms of the Potomac, the breeding ground of malaria germs. These germs cause chills, fever and ague, biliousness, jaundice, lassitude, weakness, and general debility, and bring suffering or death to thousands yearly. But Electric Bitters never fail to destroy them and cure malaria troubles. "They are the best all-round tonic and cure for malaria I ever used," writes R. M. James, of Louellen, S. C. They cure Stomach, Liver, Kidney and Blood Troubles and will prevent Typhoid. Try them. 50c. Guaranteed by Joseph W. Culbert, Collegeville, and by M. F. Hunsicker, Ironbridge.

## Baseball.

Arcola met defeat at the hands of the strong Port Providence aggregation. The score was 14 to 10. Shunk, who is well known at this place, pitched for Port Providence.

## Voter is Your Name Registered?

Assessor E. W. David, of this borough, will be at Firemen's hall on Tuesday August 31, and Wednesday, September 1, to receive the names of voters for registration and to complete the registry list for the November election.

## Artesian Well.

H. L. Saylor is having an artesian well drilled at the rear of his residence, this borough. It is Mr. Saylor's intention to place a large tank at sufficient elevation to supply artesian well water for several of his neighbors as well as for his own use.

## Store at Greenlane Sold.

Jacob R. Allebach has sold his store at Greenlane to Frank Sowers, Justice of the Peace, of the same place, and expects to live retired. Mr. Allebach bought the store in 1874 from J. H. Steltz and conducted it very successfully ever since.

## Old Potato Patch.

For more than twenty-five years James R. Palmer has used the same quarter-acre of land near McEwensville, Locoming county, as a potato patch, the average yield being 40 bushels. He has reliable information that the owner who preceded him used the plot for the same purpose for even a longer period.

## Found Unconscious.

Mrs. F. C. Prizer, of this borough was found unconscious in the middle of Park avenue Sunday morning by Frank D. Bechtel, of Upper Providence, and was taken home in his carriage. Mrs. Prizer was on her way to church when she was taken sick and fell unconscious in the road. Soon after being brought home she revived.

## A Fowl Freak.

Among the fowls in the chicken yard of Darius Clamer of Bally, Berks county, is a rooster with a pair of wings at the usual place, but they are turned upside down, and his feet have five toes each. The rooster has learned to fly with his back down and looks toward the blue dome rather than toward the earth in getting his bearings.

## Fatally Stricken on Cars.

William Denner, of North Wales, was stricken by heart disease in a Reading Railway train shortly after visiting friends in Philadelphia on Sunday afternoon. Denner was accompanied by his wife, who recognized the symptoms with which he suffered. The train was stopped at Columbia avenue and Denner sent to St. Joseph's Hospital, but he was dead when the institution was reached.

## Arm Fractured.

Winfred Landes, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Landes, of this borough, had the misfortune to fracture his right forearm, near the wrist, last Thursday. He accompanied the excursion of Trinity Reformed Sunday School to White City and indulged in roller skating when one of the skates slipped from its place and caused him to fall; hence the fracture.

## Trolley Car Crashed Into Team.

Late Saturday night a trolley car on the Ringing Rocks line crashed into a Pennsburg livery team occupied by William Bernhart, of Pottstown and Misses Munshower and Sadie Smith, of Pennsburg. The team was partially demolished and the occupants were thrown out into the street. Young Bernhart, who is twelve years of age, was painfully injured. He received cuts about the head, and contusions of the thigh and knees. The young ladies also received scratches and bruises. Their escape from much more serious consequences was narrow.

## Seared With a Hot Iron.

or scalded by overturned kettle—cut with a knife—bruised by slammed door—injured by gun or in any other way—the thing needed at once is Bucklen's Arnica Salve to subdue inflammation and kill the pain. Its earth's supreme healer, infallible for Boils, Ulcers, Fever Sores, Eczema, and Piles. 25 cents, at Joseph W. Culbert's drug store, Collegeville, and at M. T. Hunsicker's store, Ironbridge.

## Barn Burned.

A barn on the "Meadowcroft" farm in Lower Merion, close to the West Conshohocken borough line, was burned to the ground Wednesday night of last week together with a portion of the contents, consisting of a cow, an electric automobile, fifteen cords of wood, a quantity of hay and straw, harness, etc. A horse, pony and the carriages were saved. The property is occupied by Theo. Lane Bean Esq., of Norristown.

## Runaway.

Saturday night three young men—Thomas and William Sturgis and Frank Dampman—of Phoenixville met with a runaway accident while driving toward this borough. Near Upper Providence Square the shafts fell upon the heels of the horse, and the animal ran away, throwing the young men out of the vehicle. All were painfully injured. Both front wheels of the carriage were broken. The horse was caught near Black Rock.

## Death of Mrs. R. C. Miller.

Elizabeth, wife of Robert C. Miller, Assemblyman from the Middle district and Clerk to the County Commissioners, died Saturday morning at the home of the family, 1326 West Main street, Norristown, aged about 40 years. Death was due to sciatic rheumatism, from which Mrs. Miller suffered for fourteen weeks. The husband and one son, James, survive. Mrs. Miller was the daughter of the late William G. Ruhl and Elizabeth H. Ruhl, of West Philadelphia. The funeral was held on Tuesday. Interment in Woodlawn cemetery, Philadelphia.

## Farmers' Picnic at White City.

Everybody is invited to attend the Farmers' Picnic and Reunion, to be held at White City, (Chestnut Hill Park), on Thursday, August 26th, Friday, August 27th and Saturday, August 28th. Farmers' implements, seeds, vegetables, cereals, fruits, poultry, household handwork, etc., will be placed on exhibition, and premiums will be awarded for every class. On each of the three days a speaker of national reputation will deliver an address. County Bands will provide music, and an open-air vaudeville performance will be free to all both day and evening. Prizes will also be awarded for outdoor athletics. Each night there will be a display of fireworks. Captain H. H. Fetterolf and 'Squire Harry Shainline, of Keystone Grange No. 2, of Trappe, are members of the Committee in charge of the picnic and reunion.

## Alum Used in Pickles.

Not only the "withered pickle" but the bottled onion and the gherkin are found to be on sale in Pennsylvania under conditions which violate the law against the use of alum in food. Samples taken by order of Dairy and Food Commissioner Foust show the presence of large quantities of alum, and prosecutions will be entered. Ten prosecutions for illegal use of alum were ordered Thursday in Blair and Clearfield counties. The Dairy and food division also finds that the new law permitting the use of one-tenth of one per cent. of benzoate of soda in certain food products is being violated, and five suits were ordered Thursday in Clearfield county, based on samples of ketchup, four of which contained more than the legal allowance of benzoate and one failed to label the presence of the preservative.

## Trust Company 21 Years Old.

This week, Wednesday August 18, occurs the 21st anniversary of the organization of the Norristown Trust Company, which has been a very successful institution from the start. It has earned over one million dollars in that time, more than half of which has been paid to its depositors. Like phenomenal growth in its Title Insurance and other departments has marked the career of this company of Dekalb and Main streets. Francis J. Clamer, of Collegeville, is a director of the institution; Montgomery Evans, the well known attorney, is President and Trust Officer, and Frank S. Yeakle is Secretary and Treasurer. The policy of the Company has been one of management by the board of directors, an executive committee from which meets every day.

## DEATHS.

Frank Fry, aged 13, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fry, of Philadelphia, died on Tuesday of last week. Undertaker F. W. Shalkop received the remains at Collegeville station on Saturday. Interment was made at the Lutheran cemetery, Trappe.

Peter Neiman died at Schwenksville on Thursday, aged 73. Funeral on Monday at 11 a. m. Interment in the Reformed church cemetery; undertaker Shalkop in charge.

Paul Dickinson, aged 3 months, son of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Rushong, of Spring City, died Thursday at the home of the grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Anders, Worcester. The funeral was held Sunday afternoon. Interment in the Schwenkfelder cemetery, Worcester; undertaker Shalkop in charge.

## Three Fatal Accidents.

Three deaths, the result of accidents, all of which occurred within a few hours of each other, engaged the attention of Coroner King, Saturday. James Mahoney, 11-year-old son of David Mahoney, of Cherry Lane, Swedesburg, was drowned in the Schuylkill, near the lower locks, at 2 o'clock, in the afternoon. Albert Turner, of Camden, N. J., while boarding a train at Conshohocken fell and fractured his skull, dying later at Charity Hospital, and David McMullen, of Port Kennedy, well known in Norristown, was almost instantly killed while on a pleasure trip to Willow Grove, with his family, Saturday night. The boy Mahoney, in company with two other boys, was dipping his feet in the canal in Conshohocken, when he fell into six feet of water. Mr. McMullen, who with his wife and sister, Mrs. Magill of Norristown, went on a visit to Willow Grove. When the amusement resort was reached, Mr. McMullen was detained in the car, his family and all the passengers having left the train before he attempted to alight. As he did so the train started in motion. Mr. McMullen made a leap to the platform but was whirled around by the force of his jump and thrown beneath the cars, the wheels passing over his chest and crushing the body. Deceased was 40 years old and a carpenter by trade.

## PERSONAL.

Miss Lenora Smull, of Philadelphia, and Miss Maud Grauder, of Royersford, spent Sunday with Mrs. Kate Smull.

Mr. and Mrs. George Spangler, of Jenkintown, are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. H. T. Spangler.

Mrs. Kate Smull recently entertained at dinner Mrs. Hettie Johnson, of Schwenksville; Mrs. Charles Johnson, of Cleveland, Ohio, A. J. Ashenfelter, of Ironbridge, and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Spangler, of Jenkintown.

Misses Mae Clamer and Debora Koons are spending a week at Betterton, Md.

Mrs. Rauch and Louis Cornish are spending two weeks in Elmira, N. Y.

Mrs. Detwiler and daughter, of Norristown, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hallman.

Clarence Scheuren, Simon Bordner, Calvin Yost and Lawrence Walt are camping along the Perkiomen this week.

Messrs. John Bartman, Horace Saylor, John Bechtel, and George Clamer are spending a few days fishing at Angelsea.

Carl Bechtel, George Barrett, Fred Walt and Miles Austerbury spent last week camping along the Perkiomen.

After an illness of several weeks Dr. S. H. Price is able to be up and about again.

J. Freeman Hendricks Esq., of Doylestown, visited Prof. J. Shelly Weinberger and family, Sunday.

Miss Hallman, of Pottstown, is guest of Mrs. G. Z. Vanderslice.

Rev. and Mrs. Andrew Detwiler and son, of Williamstown, Pa., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Bolton.

Miss Eva Thompson has returned from a tour in the interior of the State.

Mrs. Fenstermacher has been seriously ill the past week. Her condition at present is somewhat improved.

## Improvements at Ursinus.

Contractor Elmer Poley is rushing to completion a two-story addition to College Hall. The construction of the field house, which will be used for athletics, has been started and will be ready for use in a short time. The building is of native stone and will have a very artistic appearance. It will be a one-story building, 39 feet long by 28 feet wide, with a wide porch or pergola on three sides. It will contain two dressing rooms, which may be thrown into one large room by means of folding doors, shower baths, toilets, a heating plant and an office for the Athletic Director. The entire building inside will be ceiled with smoothly surfaced North Carolina pine and will have a concrete floor. The moving spirit in securing this splendid building for Ursinus is Mr. John B. Price, Graduate Director of Athletics, who has been strongly supported by the faculty and students and by numerous friends in the Board of Directors and among the alumni.

## Visits From Old Friends.

Mr. J. W. Berrett, of Topeka, Kansas, accompanied by his son Howard, of Chicago, and his daughter Laura, is visiting relatives and old time friends in Trappe and vicinity. They spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Poley. It is Mr. Berrett's first visit east in 32 years. He left Trappe in 1877, where he was engaged at carpentering with Mr. John Poley, now deceased. For the past twenty years he has filled a position in the cabinet making department of the shops of the Sante Fe R. R. at Topeka. Mr. Berrett had the misfortune to lose his wife by death about ten years ago. The editor was very glad to greet Mr. Berrett, to meet after a separation of thirty-two years, one of the first subscribers to the INDEPENDENT in 1875 and a continuous reader ever since. May good health and prosperity continue to be the portion of Mr. Berrett and his interesting son and daughter.

Another good old friend and subscriber to the INDEPENDENT, in town last week, was Harry L. Rosenberger, of Kirkwood, Florida, who, in company with his daughter Lena, is visiting relatives in this vicinity. Mr. Rosenberger is one of the boys of Upper Providence of days gone by. He has resided for some years in Florida where he is engaged in growing vegetables for the northern markets. Mr. Rosenberger entertains practical views relating to the negro problem and knows, by actual experience, what he is talking about.

Reported for the Independent.

## Rosenberger Family Reunion.

The tenth annual reunion of the descendants of Abram and Margaret Rosenberger was held at the home of Mr. Abram Jones, near Yerkes, Wednesday, August 11, 1909. The day was one that will be long remembered by all present; for a good time was had by young and old. There were one hundred relatives and friends present. They came from Florida, Philadelphia, Wissahickon, Manayunk, Norristown, Skippackville, Spring City, Tioga, Yerkes, Phoenixville, Mont Clare, Port Providence and Oaks. At the afternoon session we had the following program: Singing by the family, followed by prayer by Rev. C. F. McKee; address of welcome by the President, George Hallman; recitations, by Ida Rosenberger, Mary Rosenberger, Mary C. Jones, Lydia Rosenberger, Katie Rosenberger and Harold Nicholas; address, Rev. C. F. McKee; duet, by Frances and Martha Famous; duet, by Mary and Alfred Nicholas; solo, Nora Hallman; quartet, by Mary, Alfred, Raymond and Harold Nicholas.

K. D.

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.







## THE YELLOW DRESS.

Two Love Scenes In Which It Played a Part.

By S. B. HACKLEY.

[Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

"May I see the gown?" It was the sweetest of voices that spoke, and the brown eyes that looked inquiringly at the saleswoman of a clothing bureau in a large eastern city matched the voice.

The saleswoman led the way to a room filled with clothing and held upon her fingers a truly beautiful gown. It was of yellow satin, of the heavy kind that stands alone and glitters like cloth of gold.

The girl reverently touched the shining garment.

"It is magnificent," she cried; "just the thing for my tour!"

"It was donated by a wealthy woman whose daughter had worn it once and for some reason took a dislike to it," explained the saleswoman.

"How could she?" The girl held one rich fold to her face, studying its effect on her clear brunette complexion. "How could she?"

"I wonder myself," remarked the saleswoman as she took from her customer the \$8 required for the exquisite creation.

"I thank you a thousand times," said the girl gratefully, "for saving it for me. You have made me perfectly happy!"

Leslie Reading was young in years for the professorship he held in the college for men in Alma Laurens' home city, very handsome, very grave in demeanor and—afraid of women.

Alma Laurens, only child of the wealthiest man in the city—Alma, with her red brown hair and her brilliant brown eyes, had a cluster of scalps at her belt, the scalps of those who had fallen victims to her charms and offered her their hearts and their names. Moreover, the object of her life was to add to this cluster.

"I was out in the Blue Bubble this afternoon," she said one evening to her cousin, "and just by the college yard



ALMA'S MIRROR REFLECTED AN ALLURING CREATURE.

I saw some one particularly interesting. You must find out who he is, Mort."

Morton Ellis was one whose scalp lock hung on Alma's jeweled belt, but the fact had long since ceased to pain him.

"Still at your old tricks, Alma! How was the fellow dressed?"

"Oh, Morton, don't ask me about his clothes! His hair was curly, just like the color of Fanchette's hide. And his eyes—deep blue and abstracted looking. He wouldn't have seen me if!"

"You hadn't dropped your handkerchief?" surmised Morton.

"The wind—there really was a wind—twisted my scarf around his feet, and he restored it to me. You must find out for me, Mort."

"Any distinctive feature?" questioned her cousin.

Alma wrinkled her forehead. "No—but, Mort, he had a satchel with a tiny wood handled something."

"Geologist's hammer," hazarded Ellis. "A college man, lassie!"

Next afternoon Mort announced that Alma's scarf rescuer was Leslie Reading, professor of geology, enthusiastic to a degree over his work, and a frequenter of the Warden road.

"Oh, Mort," Alma greeted him that evening, "I came upon Professor Reading on the Warden road! He explained so many things I've always wanted to know about rocks, and, Mort, he's coming to my reception next week!"

Reading had always held an old fashioned idea that love was something to be spoken of only after lengthy acquaintance, nor did his idea, much to Alma's irritation, change after he met her.

Determined before the summer vacation to make his tongue tell what his eyes had already eloquently told, Alma began to treat him with an uncertain tenderness that convinced him that she loved him.

"I never dreamed that you would ask me to marry you," she lightly told him when, at the great June reception at the Laurens house, he spoke in reverent humility.

"How could you think I cared for you?"

"How could I think of it?" Reading

asked when he at length understood. "You made me think of it!"

Alma's mirror after the reception that evening reflected an alluring creature in her splendid yellow satin gown, but he had not been sufficiently affected by the glamour of her beauty to beseech her to change her mind. Vexed and disappointed, she had sent away the gown she had worn.

It was October again. The western college town had never had a concert to equal the one now in progress.

"Isn't she beautiful!" The instructor who had thrown up a professorship in an eastern city for this humble place heard this breathed as he sat listening with downcast eyes.

"Do look, Professor Reading! Oh, that gown! Oh!"

Leslie looked up. There behind the footlights stood a girl with masses of red brown hair waved simply back from her face. The gown she wore with charming grace might have been Alma Laurens' June reception gown, thought Reading. And was it not?

Madeline Coyle did not like the staring to which she was subjected, but there was something in the evidently unconscious gaze of a pair of solemn blue eyes that followed her during the next day at the hotel that made her heart beat quicker.

Long acquaintance is not necessary to love. Madeline knew this very soon, and she began to find it hard to sing before the serious listener in the front row each evening. It was a series of concerts that was being sung in the college town.

And Reading knew before the week's end that the heart he had believed dead was alive and in the keeping of the young singer who wore Alma Laurens' dress.

On Saturday he came upon Madeline walking on the river bank.

"I want to speak to you, Miss Coyle," he said hastily. "Will you listen a moment?"

"Professor who stares, what have you to say?" she asked, in attempted lightness.

Reading flushed painfully. "Did I stare? It is small wonder when you—when you wear the very costume another woman wore when she trampled on my heart—a woman who, for the fun of making me propose marriage, made me believe she loved me. I—I may I ask?"

"I had no means to buy a new costume," the girl said simply, "so I purchased it from a clothing bureau."

"I did not know there was a woman in the world so beautiful," said Reading after a moment. "Madeline, what would you say if a stranger told you he loved you?"

Madeline looked at him, then laid her slim hand on his trembling one.

"I would say," she half whispered, "Oh, Leslie, how happy I am!"

"Blessed yellow dress!" murmured Reading when they had strolled back to the town at sunset. "You'll wear it at our wedding, won't you, my sweet?"

The young singer smiled. "A bride must wear white," she said softly, "but I will put it on at evening when you come home to dinner. Will that satisfy you, dear?"

And Reading made eloquent answer.

### A Case of Luck.

"Guess I was born lucky, all right," remarked a man with a low comedy face at a downtown lunch counter. "Listen to this:

"Yesterday morning on leaving home I encountered a friend at my newsdealer's. He handed me a paper. At the subway station he produced two tickets, and we rode together. About 12:30 my brother-in-law phoned me an invitation to join him at luncheon, which I did. He was engaged to dine at my house in the evening. He called for me at the office and insisted on paying the fares uptown. When I got home I suddenly realized that, quite inadvertently, I hadn't spent a cent all day."

"Don't see anything very lucky about that," a listener interrupted.

"Didn't say there was," continued the speaker. "But I discovered at the same time that I had left home in the morning without one cent in my pocket."

"Guess you are lucky, all right," said the other.—New York Mail.

### Made His Heart Glad.

'Twas night, and the editor lay in bed and thought of the weary day he had just passed, of his aching head and the bills he had to pay.

He watched the stars through his window peep and Cynthia's silver beams till his eyes grew tired and he fell asleep and passed to the land of dreams.

He slept and dreamed till the morning broke and the day began its race, and the wife who lay by his side awoke and gazed on his placid face.

She looked and saw on his face a light like the sun's first golden ray that softly kisses the mountain's height as the darkness flies away.

Then she nudged his arm, for 'twas time to rise, as the clock was striking 7, and asked as he rubbed his sleep eyes, "Did you dream you were in heaven?"

"Oh! not quite that, my love," said he, "but it made my heart so glad; I dreamed that a man came in to me and paid in advance for a full page ad."—Exchange.

### London's New Joke.

London is holding its sides because of a wonderful new joke. It's rather a shame to tell it to you, but it's too good to keep. The first Englishman asked the second, "Why is Melba like a Dutch oyster?" Get ready, now, it's coming. "Because she is an Australian." Isn't that the acme of wit? An "oyster alien!" And people dare to say the English are not humorous.—Springfield Republican.

## ODD JOBS ON WARSHIPS.

Many Ways For the Bluejackets to Make Extra Money.

The possible methods of making extra money on shipboard are manifold. "Tailorizing" is one of the most profitable. While a ship's tailor is detailed to most of our ships, his duties are limited to making necessary alterations in the uniforms which are issued to the members of the crew. Many enlisted men own sewing machines, upon which they do repair work, and they also do odd jobs for officers, such as pressing and cleaning. A handy man with the needle can also make a handsome sum by doing fancy work. Some of the most delicate embroidery work has been done by sailors.

The ship's barber also makes a comfortable living in addition to his regular pay, and the distribution of prizes at target practice enriches the coffers of the gun crew by a considerable sum. Men who are detailed to duty on board submarine boats are allowed an additional \$5 a month and besides \$1 a day for every day the boat is submerged. Bluejackets detailed as signalmen, as cockswains of power boats or in charge of holds are allowed extra pay. A crew messman receives \$5 a month for performing that somewhat menial function, and the man who is not ashamed to "take in washing" can easily double his navy pay. Every bluejacket is expected to perform the laundering himself, but there are always men who prefer to pay for having the service done.

One of the novel methods of earning an honest penny is for a man with a descriptive knack—usually a yeoman—to prepare an interesting letter upon the cruise of the ship or some of the strange ports visited, the honors paid and describing the customs of the inhabitants. These letters are manifold and sold to the members of the crew for 50 cents to \$1 a copy—and usually cheap at that. The parents or relatives of the sailor boy thus are kept informed of his adventures and experiences and he is relieved of a task that is irksome to most boys.—John R. Cox in National Magazine.

## STAR GAZING.

The Study of the Constellations as a Pastime.

Probably every reader has often admired the beauty of a starlight night. A little careful observation on such a night will show that the brighter stars may be divided into groups or "constellations," as the astronomers call them, most of which are known by the names of animals or legendary persons, such for example as "the Great Bear," "the Swan," "Hercules," "Andromeda," etc. The easiest method of learning these "constellations" is from some one already acquainted with them, but if the beginner is not fortunate enough to know any such person the majority can be learned from any cheap star maps such as are sometimes contained in almanacs.

Now, if the budding astronomer will notice the position of any of these groups or constellations at a particular hour of any night and then look a few hours afterward he will see that during the interval the stars which appeared low down in the east have risen to the south in a somewhat similar manner to the apparent motion of the sun and moon, while closer attention on several evenings will show a circular or rotary movement around the north pole of the heavens, the motion being the opposite way to the hands of a clock.

Near the north pole is a bright star called the "Pole star." This star is easily found when the observer has once noted the seven bright stars of the "Great Bear," the two outer stars of the four forming the "square" known as the "pointers" point almost directly to the Pole star. This majestic movement of the stars around the pole of the heavens is a most sublime and wonderful sight.—Country Side.

## The Shorter Word.

The day before Christmas Edith, aged ten, had a number of packages tied up for distribution. The doctor felt of one intended for "Uncle John"—and the rest is as the New York Sun prints it.

"That's some tobacco," said the doctor, as he fingered the package.

"How can you tell?" asked Edith. "Because I am a good diagnostician," he replied.

Then, as Edith seemed somewhat dazed at the big word, the doctor inquired: "Do you know what a diagnostician is?"

"Yes," she answered promptly. "It's a good guesser."

## He Took the Cake.

"Mike," said Plodding Pete, "dere's wuss t'ings dan gold bricks."

"What's happened?"

"De lady up de road said dat if I'd chop an armful of wood she'd gimme a cake."

"Didn't she keep her word?"

"Yep. She handed me a cake of soap."—Washington Star.

## When It Started.

"Captain, what time does the boat start?"

"It starts, madam, when I give the word."

"Then I've always had the wrong idea. I thought it started when the engineer pulled a lever or did something. Thank you ever so much."—Chicago Tribune.

## The Banyan Tree.

A regiment of 1,000 men could readily find shelter under a single banyan tree. In India there is one of these trees which has 400 main trunks and over 8,000 smaller ones.

## HOOKING ALLIGATORS.

A Florida Sport With an Element of Uncertainty In It.

"Hunting alligators at night with a bullseye lantern and shotgun is tame sport compared with what is called a gator hunt in Florida," said an old Floridian who is visiting New York. "I mean the feat of capturing an alligator alive and then towing the fellow to high ground through mud and water from what is called in Florida a gator hole."

"The gator fishermen first find the hole, which is indicated by an opening in the surrounding grass in the midst of a dense growth of vegetation, where the ground is worn smooth by the alligator in his pulls in and out. Sometimes these gator holes are in the nature of a cave in the bank of a stream and may be fifteen or twenty feet deep, and if so it is not an easy matter to get the animal out."

"The fisher is supplied with a long pole with a metal hook on the end. He takes a strong rope and throws it about the entrance of the hole. Then the fisher rams with the hooked pole down the den and waits and listens. If he finds a gator in the hole he teases the beast by poking him until the gator in a rage finally grabs the hooked pole and is pulled from the hole. It is with uncertainty that he is dragged forth, for it is not known whether the catch is large or small. The fisher does not know whether to get into shape to run or to fight. Out the gator comes, bellowing and roaring mad."

"After the gator is dragged to the surface he in his rage turns and rolls and finally twists himself up in the rope or noose that has been previously prepared. With the assistance of the others in the party the gator's legs and mouth are tied and the gator is a prisoner."

"The gator is for the most part caught in marshes where the ground is soft and slushy and too wet for either horse or wagon to enter. The fishers are compelled to carry their catch to higher ground, there to be loaded into the waiting wagon, and the hunt is ended."—New York Sun.

## UNCONSCIOUS WORRY.

Born of the Habit of Taking Things Too Seriously.

A great many people worry unconsciously, says O. S. Marden in Success Magazine. They don't understand why they are so tired in the morning, why their sleep was so disturbed and troubled.

This mental disturbance is often caused by the habit of taking things too seriously, carrying too great a weight of responsibility. Everywhere we see people who take life too seriously. Most of us are like the motor-man who not only starts and stops the car and tries to keep from running over people, but also feels tremendous anxiety and responsibility about the motive power.

One of the most helpful lessons life can impart is that which shows us how to do our work as well as it can be done and then let principle take care of the result. How often have we been amazed to find things come out much better than we anticipated; to find that the great unseen power that governs our lives through a wilderness of trial and tribulation into the open has guided our life ship through the fogs of difficulties and of sorrow, through storms of hardships and losses, safely into port.

The pilot does not lose heart when he cannot see his way. He turns to that mysterious compass which sees as plainly in the fog and guides as faithfully in the tempests as when the sea is like glass. We are in touch with a power greater than any compass, greater than any pilot, a power that can extricate us from the most desperate situation.

## Family Floriculture.

George Blank, the stage manager, is a lover of nature and a hater of overcoats and umbrellas. Recently during a violent rainstorm he called on his mother, entering her presence wringing wet.

"George," said she firmly, "you ought not to expose yourself in such weather. You will get pneumonia."

"But, mother," exclaimed George, with a theatrical wave of his hand, "why should I fear the rain? Does it not nurture the grass? Is it not life to the flowers?"

"It is a long time," said the good woman, closing a window, "since you were a flower."—Success Magazine.

## Origin of the Word Academy.

Academus was a wealthy Greek of Athens who lived several hundred years before the birth of Christ. Among his possessions was a beautiful grove, where young men used to congregate and listen to the teachings of wise men, such as Plato and Socrates. This developed into the school of modern times, and these modern schools take their name "academy" from the old Greek, Academus. The real meaning of the word academy is a school for boys.

## Sterilized.

"Have you," inquired the city visitor, "a moss covered bucket about the place?"

"No, sir," answered the farmer. "All our utensils are sterilized and strictly sanitary."—Kansas City Journal.

## No Dancer.

The Lady—Id buy you a nice pearl handled knife for your birthday, but I'm superstitious. I'm afraid it would cut our friendship. The Man—Cheer up! No knife a woman buys could ever cut anything.—Cleveland Leader.

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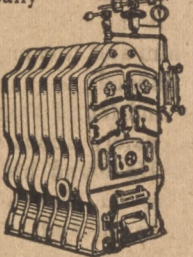
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## FATE—AND THEIR NAMES.

### The Meeting Between Charles Barton and John Quill.

By CLARA A. CRADY.

[Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

Charles Barton separated himself from the train with which he had been associated for the greater part of thirty-six hours and drew in a great breath of Lynnville's exhilarating air. Then he set out with long, swinging strides to mount the hill beyond which lay the village proper.

So much information he had deemed to accept from the loquacious station master, but to the latter's plainly expressed curiosity as to whom he sought in the village Barton had turned a deaf ear. He was aware of the fact that news acquired wings in small places, and it was part of his plan to take John Quill by surprise. Taking, as he was, advantage of an unexpected business trip east to meet face to face his hitherto unseen correspondent, he had no doubt as to the success of his plan.

That John was only nineteen and an orphan Barton knew, but he had respected the younger man's reticence concerning himself to such an extent that he had never tried to force his confidence further. The ubiquitous



"HE WILL NOT BE BACK FOR SOME TIME," SHE INTERPOSED HURRIEDLY.

picture postcard was responsible for the correspondence, which had its beginning more than two years before, when Barton, in a spirit of fun, had answered a request in the "Postcard Exchange" of an illustrated weekly for views of his state.

The response had been prompt and was accompanied by so many ingenious questions that Barton, in order to do justice to his native state, had found it necessary to write a letter. It was strange how soon he came to watch for the weekly letter which became an established custom, but only he himself knew how far the simple faith, the unconscious hero worship, that breathed in every line of John Quill's letters were responsible for Barton's escape from the many temptations that surround a young man alone in a western town.

He had reached the end of the village before his eyes found the little brown cottage, with its big honey-suckle on each side of the gate and its square porch overgrown with the same vine. Everything looked as John had once described it to be.

He knocked firmly on the front door of the cottage. It was quickly opened, and Barton found himself gazing into the prettiest face he had ever seen.

He asked, "Is this where John Quill lives?" "I'm Charles Barton," offering his card. She put out her hand somewhat hesitatingly, he thought, and the bit of pasteboard fluttered to their feet. With a muttered apology, he stooped to pick it up. When his eyes again sought the girl's face there was a confusion in it which the slight accident hardly warranted.

"I'd like to see your brother," he suggested politely.

He was not prepared for the sudden terror which flashed into her face, and, with a view to putting her at her ease, he continued smilingly: "You see, I'm taking the relationship for granted. The likeness to a picture of himself, which John once sent me, is too great to admit of a doubt."

The girl flushed and at the same time looked relieved. "Yes," she breathed softly, "I'm his sister. And I'm sorry, but my—John is away at present."

Barton's face fell. "I, too, am sorry," he said simply and lingered. The girl eyed him doubtfully. She seemed to be undecided, but finally asked slowly, "Will you come in?"

But he had seen the effort which the words cost her, so he prevaricated slightly.

"No, thanks. I have my train to make. When will your brother be back?" is a quick after thought. "I could stop off again if"—

"He will not be back for some time," she interposed hurriedly. "Do not ask me where he is," appealingly, "for I cannot tell you."

A suspicion was dawning in Barton's mind. "Excuse me," he begged gently. "Perhaps your brother is in some difficulty, some trouble, and I could help him."

"No, no; you cannot help him—I

mean, he is in no trouble," she corrected herself hastily.

"There's something wrong there," he reflected as he retraced his steps toward the station. "Why didn't the boy tell me in his last letter that he was going away? Is it possible that the young cub has managed to disgrace himself and left his sweet little sister to bear the burden? But, oh! I'm sure he's not that kind. A few inquiries in the village might—but Charles Barton is no spy. I'll let the matter drop for a few days; then I'll try again to gain the shrinking confidence of John Quill's sister. And woe to those who are at the bottom of the trouble!"

But when, four days later, he mounted the hill that led to the village he was forced to confess that the interest which he felt in John Quill's sister far exceeded any he had ever entertained in respect to the youth. The girl's sweet face was ever before him.

As he entered the village he came face to face with the girl of his thoughts. She was coming out of a big house, and she carried a huge bundle—sewing, he rightly judged as he hastened to relieve her of it. The radiant blush with which she thanked him Barton took as a favorable sign.

"I've come back," he said eagerly.

"I'm so glad—I mean," as she detected the look that leaped into his eyes, "I'm glad of this chance to confess in person something that has been worrying me greatly. I was going to write"—She was interrupted by the postmistress, who, taking advantage of her position to gratify a very natural curiosity, came running out on her porch.

"Hey!" she shouted. "Here's a letter for you," frantically waving the missive in question. Barton stepped forward to take it, and in doing so his eyes inadvertently fell on the superscription. He read no farther than the name, but there was a question in his eyes when they met hers. She answered it bravely.

"Yes, it is mine. My name is Jonquil March. There never was a John Quill." She was walking faster, and her face was very red.

"Why did you do it?" he asked simply.

"Because my life here was so desperately lonely after mother, who was all I had, died. Oh, I don't suppose that you'll understand! But I've always longed for the great west, where I was born, but which I scarcely remember. At first it was a desire to know it better that made me drift into the correspondence, and I continued with it because I came to enjoy it for its own sake," she concluded with unconscious abandon.

"But the photograph?" Barton dropped.

"It was taken after some theatricals several years ago," she explained. "She," pointing back toward the post-office, "never suspected, because I used to do newspaper correspondence under the name of John Quill." They were at her gate. "I do not expect your forgiveness," she faltered.

"Do you know why I came back?" he demanded.

"No," Jonquil's tongue faltered, but her eyes told a different story.

"Because I love you," he declared masterfully, "and because I want to marry you and take you with me to the great west you love so well. Say that you love me, too, if only a little bit," he pleaded.

"But the trick," she temporized. "How can you forgive?"

"Bless the trick!" interrupted Barton joyously. "Why fight with it when it has been the means of bringing me a wife?"

#### Cause of Misery.

Here is an observation from Carlyle: "All misery is faculty misdirected—strength that has not yet found its way." This is undoubtedly true. All suffering and failing can be traced back to one getting out of the true path. It may not sometimes be one's fault. Ignorance or environment may intervene and lead us astray. But all progress consists in one finding the true way of one's strength; to see that the faculty is rightly directed.

Finding this path is the end of knowledge and civilization. This means doing the right thing, physically, mentally, morally; obeying God's law—that is it; that is all there is to it. That is what keeps the strength and faculty intact and makes life worth living. The perfect mortal is the one whose faculty is rightly directed and whose strength has found its way. It is that that makes the true, manly, useful, happy life; that makes the life last longer and keeps it sweet and wholesome while it lasts.—Ohio State Journal.

#### "Through Fire and Water."

A glance into the past is furnished by the words: "I would go through fire and water to serve you." The old trials by ordeal, once the custom in England, are here referred to, when the ordeals both by fire and water could be performed by deputy. Often this was the service of friendship, but just as often done for a certain sum.

In the one ordeal the person passed through a place where red hot plowshares were set up at irregular intervals, the man or woman being blindfolded and barefooted. In the other the person, bound hand and foot, was thrown into the water; if he swam safely to dry land he was innocent. His death was proof of his guilt. The phrase, however, may have an indirect reference to the thought in Isaiah: "When thou passest through the water I will be with thee; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned."

#### An Apt Simile.

Some men have a career like a gift ball. They are helped out of one hole only to get into another.—Lippincott's Magazine.

### NOTED BY A TOURIST.

#### Some of the Queer Things That Were Observed Abroad.

About half one's time in traveling abroad is spent in buying stamps. No matter how many I put on a letter I had no faith to believe that it would reach America. I found that I could send a letter with one stamp on it if I paid enough for it, also that I could get a denomination of which it would take twenty. In Cairo I put fifteen sphinxes and pyramids on the front of a letter and five on the back. As for postal cards, imagine asking for one in the Belgian language—Wereldpost Vereeniging!

But it is in a Mohammedan country that an American mind needs readjustment. We woke one morning in Constantinople and found our calendar nine days ahead of theirs, our watches seven hours behind and the name of the month Ramadan. The Mohammedans seem to live up to their religion in a more definite way than we do, and we soon learned what to expect. The porter would drop one's trunk when the muezzin called to prayer. The sacredness of animal life compelled us to walk around the hundreds of lazy dogs asleep on the sidewalk. We were required to take off our shoes instead of our hats when entering a mosque. Women were not allowed to pray, because they "have no souls." Friday was the day for Sunday, and a camera was an "evil eye" and could not be carried into any sacred place. Our artist was once charged 20 cents extra for keeping an evil eye in his room all night.

Before the journey ends the tourist has lost his identity completely. At first he is from "Kalamazoo, Mich.," then from "Michigan," later "the United States," soon the "States," and the writer was once introduced to a gentleman from Tuscany as "the lady from North America."—Delineator Magazine.

### THE KINGFISHER.

#### A Bird Whose Ways Are Most Difficult to Observe.

Perhaps there is nothing in nature more difficult to observe than the ways of the kingfisher. Any one may see him glancing down midstream or making his sudden arrow flight from bank to bank under the bright June sunshine, but to track him down to his secret fishing place and watch him at work is a vastly more difficult thing.

You come from the gold clad meadows into the shady river path as into a cathedral aisle. The willows crowd down to the water's edge. In the green reeds a sedge bird is fretting. There is a low twittering song of nestlings all round you. And now, in the shadiest deep of the willow wood, a shrill, piping note cuts the silence, a flash of emerald passes, a kingfisher has gone by on his way to his favorite pool.

A common notion is that he sits perfectly still on some branch overhanging the water, a picture of crafty vigilance. But this is rarely if ever the case. The truth is, says a writer in the London Chronicle, that the kingfisher, like the master he is, sets about his work with an easy surety, almost a nonchalance. Peering down upon him warily through the screen of branches you would judge that the last thing in the world he was thinking about was the gliding brown water below him. He twirls round on his perch, making his vivid green and turquoise and amber plumage scintillate like a dewdrop in the one beam of sunlight that has found him out.

He preens his feathers, stretches a lazy wing now and again, looks about him with a casual eye, and then, as if it were the merest trifling detail in life, he suddenly points his two inch long fishing spear of a bill at the water beneath him, plunges and is gone.

#### The Withering Wind.

The name of harmattan has been given a periodical wind which blows from the interior of Africa toward the Atlantic during the three months of December, January and February. It sets in with a fog or dry haze, which sometimes conceals the sun for whole weeks together. Every plant, every bit of grass and leaf in its course is withered as though it had been scorched by heat from a furnace. Often within an hour after it begins to blow green grass is dry enough to burn like paper. Even the hardened natives lose all of the skin on exposed parts during the prevalence of this withering wind.

#### Painful Ailment.

Though gout is generally reckoned a disease of rich men and free livers, one of the worst of sufferers from it was a well known English minister who died not long ago.

A friend once said to him, "Dr. So-and-so, what is gout like?" The clergyman smiled sadly. "If you put your hand in a vise," he said, "and let a man press as hard as he can, that is rheumatism, and if he can be got to press a little harder, that is gout."

#### Why He Came Back.

"Wasn't you here a few weeks ago?" asked the woman of the house at the back door.

"Yes'm," replied the wanderer, "but I understood from a pal that you've got a new pastry cook since then!"—Yonkers Statesman.

#### The Surer Way.

"How can we interest her?" "Tell her it's a worthy cause," suggested one.

"Tell her it's getting to be a popular fad," interposed a wiser head.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

One of the luckiest things that can happen to a man is not to count on his luck.—New York Press.



# The Independent.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

COLLEGEVILLE, MONTGOMERY CO. PA.

E. S. Moser, Editor and Proprietor.

Thursday, August 19, 1909.

FROM the New York American: President Taft, according to the news reports, is busy with his pen. May it be hoped that it is to be big enough to hold a few tariff hogs?

FROM the New York World: The Pennsylvania engineer who stopped his train to rescue a kitten asleep on the tracks is no doubt an object of curious interest to automobilists.

THE Bristol Gazette inaugurated volume thirty-seven last week. The present proprietor, Jesse G. Thomas, founded the Gazette in 1873 and has had hold of the journalistic helm ever since. For a number of years he has been ably assisted in the editorial department by his gifted son Joseph S. Thomas, who wields a trenchant and facile pen.

THE Birmingham Age-Herald in pleading for a strong compulsory education law in Alabama, calls attention to the fact that of 733,000 children of school age only 161,000 white children and 78,000 black children were attending school, according to the census of 1900. It will be easily observed from the foregoing figures that popular education in Alabama lags in the rear of the procession.

IN the appalling and destructive work of killing and maiming human beings the automobile has all other instrumentalities of death distanced. A contributor to a metropolitan journal says it "is a sad commentary on our boasted civilization when we consider that evidence gathered from substantial sources bear us out in the assertion that human life is more safe in an African jungle than along any of our most noted boulevards."

IT is claimed that a piece of beefsteak was found to be perfectly fresh after an immersion of four or five months in sour milk. Professor Elie Metchnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute, Paris, explains that the sugar in the milk encourages the growth of certain germs which form lactic acid. This acid destroys the germs of putrefaction. For this reason sour milk and buttermilk are often beneficial in alimentary disorders which are accompanied by bacterial infection.

FROM the New York Tribune: The Legislatures of Georgia and Connecticut are to be commended for leaving the responsibility of ratifying or rejecting the income tax amendment to their successors. It is only just and proper that the voters of every State should have a chance to pass on the questions involved. The Legislatures which are to act on the amendment ought to be chosen with full knowledge on the part of the public that they are to discharge that special and highly important duty.

A CAREFUL record of weather conditions in Newark, N. J., reported by The Sunday Call of that city, shows that for the last ten years the prognostications of the Government Weather Bureau have been notably correct. The weather predictions have ranged from about 78 to 94 per cent. of accuracy, and the predictions of temperature from 71 to 99. In the ten years there were seventeen months in which not a single error was made, but every day's prediction was exactly fulfilled. It is probable that a similar comparison of predictions and records all over the country would show a similar degree of accuracy. If only people paid half the attention to the correct forecasts that they do to the occasional errors, there would be an end to the groundless and foolish attacks upon the Weather Bureau.

THE possibility of a future combination of capital of vast proportions gaining control of the waterways and water power of all the States is attracting some public attention. The rights of the States are ample, IF ENFORCED, to protect water supplies from the avaricious greed of monopolists. The last word on this score was spoken some time ago by the United States Supreme Court in a

New Jersey water case: "The State, as quasi-sovereign and representative of the public interests, has a standing in Court to protect the atmosphere, the waters and the forests within its territory, irrespective of the assent or dissent of the private owners immediately concerned. The public interest is omnipresent, and is paramount to the private rights of riparian proprietors. A State has constitutional power to insist that its natural advantages remain unimpaired, and is not dependent upon any reason for its will so to do."

THE disclosures of a Russian correspondent involve striking evidence of the transient stability of things mundane as well as some horrible thought. While a committee of Russian women, formed to work and care for the graves of the soldiers who fell in the Far Eastern war, was going about its patriotic work it was noticed that there was much digging on the fields by Chinese coolies; and at one station on the Mukden-Shabo railway human bones mixed with the skeletons of horses were piled up in immense heaps. There has sprung up in Japan lately a demand for animal charcoal, which serves as a basis for a newly invented explosive of tremendous power. Japanese agents are swarming all over Manchuria, and wherever the war raged fiercely there they gather and chaffer for the raw material of the new gunpowder. The Chinese shun Japanese graves in fear of watchful consuls, administrators and "railway guards"—another name for soldiers. But the ghouls are under no restraint so far as Russia is concerned; and the bones of the poor fellows who died in the service of the Czar and the Grand Dukery have become merchandise. The price is half a dollar for 140 pounds, excluding the skulls, which the dealers refuse to take. The thought which oppresses the correspondent is that the bones of the conquered may become the means of destroying their kin. Gunpowder made of the bones of the father may wing the bullet that kills the son.

I. P. KNIPE, ESQ., editor of the Norristown Herald, and extensively interested in farming and fruit growing near Arcola, in the course of an excellent article on the intensive cultivation of soil, says: "You can raise more corn from five acres of poor land manured two inches deep, than from ten acres of the same grade manured an inch, and—of special interest to the farmer and his horses—you have only half as much cultivation to look after." Whilst this statement may be open to a little doubt, Editor Knipe is very distinctly on the right lines of observation and comment. It is not the number of acres that makes the successful farmer, but the acres that are richly fertilized with manure and other soil foods, and thoroughly cultivated. It is amazing how much can be produced from a single acre by abundant cultivation and fertilization. If one-half of the farm land in Montgomery county would be permitted to remain idle for ten years and the other half receive the fertilization and two-thirds of the labor now expended upon the total area, the results would demonstrate for all time the profit, and therefore importance, of much more intensiveness of farm methods than prevail at present. If a farmer has say thirty acres of fairly good soil and twenty acres of rather barren land, it will pay him well, very well, to let the twenty acres lie untouched and devote energetic attention, cultivation, and fertilization, to the thirty acres. Those twenty acres are as a millstone about his neck, holding him down hard and fast to much unnecessary toil and little remuneration.

WITH regard to municipal government by commission the Outlook says: Kansas City, with a population of 110,000, voted July 14 to adopt the commission form of government after having only a year before voted against it. That city for years has been misgoverned under the ward system, and it had reached the point where bankruptcy was becoming a possibility, with the city running behind its revenues at the rate of \$100,000 a year. Colorado Springs, Col., has lately had its first election for officers under a new charter, which lodges the municipal government in a board of five commissioners. The charter, which was adopted by a vote of 3000 to 200, is in several respects a distinct advance over the earlier forms of commission government as adopted in Galveston, Houston and other Texas cities. Des Moines, which has now been under commission government for a little more than one year, shows by its annual report a highly efficient administration, with a saving to the taxpayers of approximately \$250,000 in reduced expenses, with better service and better paid employees than ever were known under the old form of government.

## X-RAY AS LEPROSY CURE

U. S. Quarantine Officer in Philippines Makes Important Demonstration. Washington, Aug. 18.—The X-ray as a cure for some cases of leprosy has been demonstrated by the American health authorities in the Philippines, according to Dr. Victor G. Heiser, chief quarantine officer in the islands. Dr. Heiser in a report to Surgeon General Wyman, of the public health and marine hospital service, says the X-ray is suitable only for specially selected cases, and is valuable apparently only in the early stages. San Lazaro hospital, at Manila, was the first institution in the world to use the X-ray for leprosy treatment. Official figures show that on March 31, 1909, there were 2446 lepers in the Philippines, segregation having reduced by more than 1000 the number of cases during the past two years. At the beginning of the American occupation, eleven years ago, there were nearly 4000 lepers. Americans perfected the establishment for lepers in the island of Cullon in 1906. It is estimated that under the Spanish regime 700 new cases appeared every year. At the present time the new cases average 300 annually.

## MISSING AXLETON YOUNG GIRL FOUND

Tells Pitiful Story of Abuse at Hands of Foster Father.

Charleroi, Pa., Aug. 18.—Developments came thick and fast in the search for Annie Gates, seventeen years old, a foster daughter of F. G. Chambers, of Axleton, near here, who was supposed to have been kidnapped last week. The girl was found, seriously ill, at a home fifteen miles from her own, and told a story of abuse and ill-treatment, alleged to have been received at the hands of her foster father that caused his arrest later. After leaving the Chambers' home, the girl became ill, but struggled onward, her only idea being to get as far as possible from the scene of her trouble. Finally, becoming entirely exhausted, she sought shelter at the home of J. A. Riggs, asking for work, saying the only payment desired was board and clothes. Mrs. Riggs, a former trained nurse, took care of the girl and called a physician, to whom the girl told her story. Her assertions of the indignities to which she was forced to submit were made known to the police, who immediately placed Chambers under arrest. Feeling here is strong against the man.

## REAL WHITE WINGS HERE

Ohio Town Has a Flock of Ducks As Street Cleaners. Bellefonte, O., Aug. 18.—The white wings of the town of Lakeview, near here, are literally white wings. They're ducks. Recently the finances of the village fell to such a low ebb that it was impossible to longer employ a street sweeping service, so that it was dispensed with. There remained a small sum in the treasury. One of the aldermen proposed that the money be invested in a flock of ducks, which would go through the streets and eat the rubbish. Lean ducks were bought and turned loose. They started in at one end of the town early in the morning, and made their way to the other end, when they were turned backward or shifted to another street.

New Head of United States Nurses Washington, Aug. 18.—Announcement is made here that President Taft has appointed Miss Jane A. Delano, of New York, to be superintendent of army nurses to fill the vacancy caused by the recent resignation of Miss D. H. Kinney. Miss Delano was formerly superintendent of nurses at the Bellevue hospital, New York, and is now president of the National Association of Nurses. She is spending the summer in Europe, and will assume the duties of the place early in September.

Girl Poisoned By Money. New York, Aug. 18.—Miss Etta White is ill at her home in New Brunswick, suffering from poisoning, caused, it is supposed, by handling contaminated money. Miss White is cashier in a store and handles considerable cash each day. Some days ago the left side of her face was affected, and the physician who is attending her thinks she has been poisoned by some of the banknotes she handled.

To Have Aero Militia. Jefferson City, Mo., Aug. 18.—Adjutant General Frank M. Rumbold, of the national guard of Missouri, has issued an order directing the organization of an aero detachment, which will be a part of the signal corps at St. Louis. Fifteen aeronauts will be enlisted.

\$2500 Reward For Murderer. Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 18.—The reward for the apprehension of the murderer of Miss Anna Schumacher, the seventeen-year-old girl who met her death at Holy Sepulchre cemetery ten days ago, was increased from \$500 to \$2500.

Colonel F. J. Fitzsimmons, Dead. Scranton, Aug. 18.—Colonel F. J. Fitzsimmons, prominent in state and local politics, died here after an illness of nearly a year. He was a member of the Lackawanna bar and was noted for his oratory. He was a Democrat.

## USUAL

## SUMMER REDUCTIONS

In All Departments Now.

12 1-2 c. Organdies 9c. 25c. Dress Gingham 16c.

15c. Pillow Cases 12 1-2 c. 50c. Sheets 39c.

Ladies' Shirt Waist Suits—\$4 and \$5—now \$2.79.

TRUNKS, BAGS AND SUIT CASES.

Trunks, \$3.00, up. : Suit Cases, \$1.00, up.

Solid Leather Bags, \$1.50, up.

**Brendlinger's**  
NORRISTOWN, PA.



Spring and Summer HATS  
AND CAPS.

NOBBY CAPS in all colors—Golf, Yacht and Eaton Styles—25 and 50 Cents.

Soft and Stiff Hats, Latest Styles \$1.00 to \$3.00

Agents for Hawes Celebrated Hats. All first-class stores sell our hats. ASK FOR THEM.

Tracey, : the Hatter,  
38 E. Main Street, Norristown, Pa.

## Idle Dollars

Are good only for their face value. Dollars at work earning interest are servants making more dollars. Put your idle money to work and keep it busy. The

## Collegeville National Bank,

Safe, conservative, and with a steadily growing volume of business affords you the opportunity to keep your dimes and dollars hustling and increasing your income.

3 PER CENT. paid on Time Deposits.

2 PER CENT. on Active Accounts.

This bank appreciates the favors of its patrons and persists in giving the best service to all.

## A CURIOSITY.

If you want a curiosity buy a flying machine. But if you want Reliability, select one of our well known "American Watches." The Best in the World for the Price.

**J. D. SALLADE,**  
JEWELER AND OPTICIAN,  
16 E. Main Street,  
**NORRISTOWN.**  
Opposite Public Square.

## Automobile Painting and Repairing

AUTOMOBILES TO HIRE. LOT OF CARRIAGES for sale at reasonable prices, including one new surrey.

NEW PIANOS of best makes from \$150 upward. Pianos for rent.

**HENRY YOST, JR.,** Collegeville, Pa.

## FULL STOCK OF Gents' Furnishing Goods,

Latest styles, lowest prices. Ladies' Notions are being closed out at greatly reduced prices.

**Mrs. Frances Barrett's,**  
MAIN ST., NEAR STATION,  
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

## WHEN YOU WANT TO BUY OR SELL REAL ESTATE

it is an easy matter to inquire of us and we will certainly be pleased to give you inquiry immediate attention. If we don't succeed in doing business with you the loss is ours, not yours.

**BROWN, CLOUD & JOHNSON,**  
39 E. Main Street,  
Norristown, Pa.

## THE ESTIMATED

## Interest AND Dividend

Disbursements for July are

**\$217,000,000.**

Are you a shareholder in this income? An account at the Penn Trust Co. is a sure stepping stone to a nice interest check in July. Clip your coupons and bring them to us with your dividend checks. We will cheerfully collect them for you.

## Penn Trust Co.

**Kuhnt's Bakery,**  
Collegeville, Pa.  
First-Class Bread,  
Cakes, Pies,  
Candies, Etc.

ICE CREAM—ALL FLAVORS. I am thankful to the public for patronage received and hope to merit a continuance of the same.

**CHARLES KUHN.**

## DAVID CULP, JR.,

**Blacksmith and Horseshoer**  
at the old stand on Main Street, Collegeville, near Perkiomen Bridge. All kinds of blacksmithing done. Horseshoeing a specialty.

## Insure Your Horses

against loss by death from disease or accident in the **LOWER PROVIDENCE MUTUAL LIVE STOCK INSURANCE CO.** Full amount of appraisement paid when loss occurs.

**I. Z. REINER, President.**  
**JOHN W. BARRY, Sec'y,** Eagleville.  
**WM. H. BOUD, Treasurer,** Audubon.

**Appraisers:**  
**THEO. DETWILER,** Eagleville; **H. H. ROBINSON,** Collegeville; **W. E. BEAN,** Trooper; **JAMES A. MORGAN,** 61 East Penn St., Norristown.

**Advertise Your Sales in the Independent.**



## HEADQUARTERS FOR MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS!

WE HAVE THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF THE BEST GRADES OF WEARABLE AND DEPENDABLE FURNISHING GOODS FOR MEN AND BOYS TO BE FOUND IN NORRISTOWN.

Underwear, Hosiery, Neckwear, Neglige Shirts, Collars, Knit Jackets, or anything you are looking for, and all at the right prices. Any one of our thousand UMBRELLAS will keep you dry in a rainstorm. COME AND INSPECT OUR STOCK.

**WM. H. GILBERT,**  
132 WEST MAIN STREET,  
NORRISTOWN, PA.

## Reductions in Furniture.

Solid Oak Bedroom Suites Reduced from \$25 to \$20; \$30 to \$25; \$40 to \$35. Buy your furniture now and save dollars.

Solid Chain Rag Carpet, from 45 to 65 Cents per yard.

Great Reduction in Prices in Dinnerware.

Remember our MADE-TO-ORDER SUITS for Men and Boys.

**KULP & MOYER, GRATERFORD, PA.**

Dealers in STORE GOODS of Every Description.

STANDARD AND DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINES FROM \$20 to \$40.

**FOR SALE.**  
Farms, residences, hotels, building sites—all locations, prices and terms. Also a number of houses in Norristown, Bridgeport and Conshohocken.  
Money to loan on first mortgage.

THOS. B. WILSON,  
Eagleville, Pa.

**HENRY G. FLY,**  
(Successor to J. R. Christman.)

**GRATERFORD, PA.**

**BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON, PORK, and all kinds of Dressed Poultry.**

Served in COLLEGEVILLE every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Mail orders promptly attended to. I pay 7½c. per pound for veal calves and 80c. extra for delivery.

**J. A. MOONEY,**  
(FORMERLY OF NORRISTOWN.)

**Blacksmith and Horseshoer**

**GRATERFORD, PA.**

Shoeing of road and track horses a specialty. First-class new and repair work in all branches of blacksmithing, at popular prices.

Your patronage solicited.  
3:30-5:30.

## FOR FRESH GOODS

—GO TO—

**Odd Fellows' Hall  
Grocery.**

**Try Our Coffees,  
Canned Goods,  
Dried Fruits  
and Confectionery.**

**Daniel H. Bartman,**  
**COLLEGEVILLE, PA.**

Daily and Sunday Papers.

## HORACE STORB

POTTSTOWN, PENN'A.

Manufacturer and Dealer in All  
Kinds of AMERICAN and  
FOREIGN

**Marble & Granites**

Also Old Granite Work Cleaned  
to Look Like New.

Special attention given to cleaning Granite Monuments, Tablets, Copings and all kinds of cemetery work no matter of how long standing or how badly discolored. Will guarantee to restore them to their original brightness without injuring the Granite.

GET YOUR Posters Printed at  
the Independent Office.

## DROWNED IN NIAGARA RAPIDS

Youth Loses Life After a Brave  
Struggle in Whirlpool.

## FAILED TO HEED WARNING CRY

August Sporer Had Gone in Swimming Above the Rapids and Was Caught in the Swift Current Where Captain Webb, the English Swimmer, Lost His Life.

August Sporer, an eighteen-year-old boy, of Niagara Falls, N. Y., went to his death in the Niagara whirlpool rapids, after a gallant battle with the giant waves between the lower bridges and the pool.

With three companions, Sporer went for a swim in the river at the former Maid of the Mist landing. He struck out at once for the middle of the stream and then turned toward the bridge. His companions called to him to turn back, for the current is very swift at that point, but he kept on down stream and was caught in the great sweep, the first break from the smoother waters to the rapids.

The boy struggled for a time against the current, but to no avail. Then, realizing that he was beyond human help and was to be carried through the rapids, which took the life of Captain Webb, and which have resisted every unaided human effort at passage, he deliberately turned down stream and began a grim fight for life.

Not in all the history of the river has such a brave effort been witnessed. Although but a frail boy, he went into the rapids, swimming strongly, and held his own until he struck the giant wave which curls up opposite the old battery elevator. Then he went under, and for a second was lost to sight of the score of people who stood on the lower arch bridge.

Again and again he disappeared, only to reappear, each time fighting desperately against the terrible current. Then, when within 300 yards of the whirlpool, his strength gave out and he sank and was lost to view. Even then he had swam perhaps 100 yards farther than did the great English swimmer, Captain Webb.

**Milton, Del., Swept By Flames.**  
The town of Milton, in Sussex county, Del., about seven miles north-east of Georgetown, was visited by a destructive fire, of unknown origin. The fire started in the rear of Markel & Hartman's store, and practically destroyed the entire business section of the town. The loss is estimated at \$100,000.

The list of stores and other properties destroyed is as follows: Markel & Hartman, store; W. P. Starkey, store; Mason & Davidson, store; postoffice, C. A. Conner, store; Black & Lingo, store; Carey & Darby, store; J. H. Walls, meat store; Hall & Stevens, store; Mary E. Field, store; First National bank, Ponder house; W. H. Mears, barber shop and residence; J. B. Graham, residence; J. C. Clendaniels, meat and provisions; S. J. Wilson & Son, funeral directors. The burned section covers several blocks.

The town, which has a population of about 1000, has no fire protection, and people worked with buckets until the arrival of a fire engine from Lewes. But the spread of the flames was not checked until nearly the entire business section was in ashes. Most of the buildings destroyed were of frame.

**Johnson and Jeffries Sign For Fight.**  
Articles of agreement for a fight between Jack Johnson and James J. Jeffries for the heavyweight championship of the world were signed in Chicago. The fight is to take place within eight months before the club offering the best inducements. All bids for the fight are to be in within sixty days.

Sam Berger, manager for James J. Jeffries; George Little, Johnson's manager, and Jack Johnson were present at the meeting when the articles were signed.

The agreement as signed calls for a fight of from 20 to 100 rounds for the heavyweight championship of the world. The division of the purse was left to the decision of Jeffries. It also provides that as a guarantee of good faith each of the parties to the agreement shall post \$5000 with Charles A. Comiskey, of Chicago, within seventy-two hours on the understanding that the \$5000 operate as a side bet on the contest.

**Flames Sweep Steamer Lucania.**  
The steamer Lucania lies at the Huskisson dock, seriously damaged, having been gutted from her funnels forward by fire, which broke out on board the liner Saturday evening. The flames are supposed to have originated in the saloon kitchen.

The fire brigade of the vessel, with two powerful motor engines, turned out immediately at the first alarm and found the first saloon burning fiercely from end to end. Despite all their efforts the flames gradually worked forward until they reached the steerage, consuming every particle of the wood-work there and then played havoc with the forehold.

Her upper part is considerably above water. The first saloon skylights were destroyed and the decks forward are badly buckled. Some of the plates of the hull were warped by

the heat. The repairs to the Lucania will occupy considerable time.

## Three Presidents to Meet.

Three presidents may meet in New Orleans on Mr. Taft's visit there, about Nov. 1. They are Messrs. Jose Domingo de Obaldia, of Panama; General Jose Miguel Gomez, of Cuba, and William Howard Taft, of the United States.

There is now talk of inviting the executives of Panama and Cuba, and should they accept, the United States may show them the courtesy of placing a man-of-war at their disposal to bring them to this country and take them home.

It is deemed eminently appropriate by the officials that such a meeting take place, because of the interest this government has manifested in the two republics, and the occasion will afford an opportunity for a personal exchange of felicitations between the three executives, such as are to take place between President Taft and President Diaz at El Paso.

## Found \$50,000 in Beggar's Hut.

After a terrific battle between four policemen and Peter Liebauch, an old hermit, inspectors of the North Side station in Pittsburgh, while they were searching the old man's hut, found the walls and furniture bulging with money. A trunk was filled with silver dollars, bottles and jars held smaller coins, bureau drawers were stuffed with bundles of bills.

In all the police found close to \$50,000, and when their search seemed to be ended they stumbled upon a wash-bowling filled to the brim with quarters, half dollars and dollars.

Liebauch was locked up and will be examined to determine the condition of his mind. He is thought to be demented. The money was hauled to the Farmers' National bank in a wagon, and so heavy was the load that the horse was stalled.

## Van Sant Heads the G. A. R.

Samuel R. Van Sant, of Minnesota, was elected commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic at the encampment in Salt Lake City. Van Sant won over Judge William A. Keacham, of Indiana, by a vote of 587 to 156.

In addition to Commander Van Sant the following Grand Army officers were elected:

Senior vice commander, W. M. Bostaph, Ogden; junior vice commander, Judge Alfred Beers, Bristol, Conn.; surgeon general, W. H. Lemon, Lawrence, Kan. Atlantic City was chosen for the encampment next year.

## Thirty-five Horses Burned.

Thirty-five horses were roasted to death in a fire which destroyed the building of the Potter Express company in Camden, N. J.

The building was three stories high. The first floor held twenty-five delivery wagons, most of which were destroyed. A runway with a gradual incline led to the second floor, and the horses were stabled there. Frank Taines, a watchman, was on the stable floor, when he smelled smoke. He investigated and found flames shooting up the runway and cutting off all chances of escape for the horses. He was slightly burned leaping down the runway to give the alarm.

## Snake Rung Spinning Wheel.

Mrs. W. C. Grider, of Adair county, near Campbellsville, Ky., was attracted to her weaving room by the sound of her reel, and on opening the door she was horrified to see a large snake going around with the spinning wheel. When the reptile crawled on the wheel it started the wheel to running. The snake was unable to free itself, and a number of spectators witnessed the remarkable sight for nearly half a day. The snake was finally killed and measured five feet in length.

## Beats Wright's Flight.

Charles F. Willard, the "pupil" of Glenn H. Curtiss, surpassed his predecessor's best cross country flights in the New York Aeronautic society's aeroplane, the Golden Flyer, at Mineola, L. I. More than that, the young aviator beat the Wright brothers' cross country record by ten miles, made recently at Fort Myer. Willard flew twelve miles in nineteen and a half minutes, and was forced by an accident to descend.

## Wu Ting Fang Recalled.

Chinese Minister Wu Ting Fang has been recalled from Washington and ordered to Peking for further assignment. His successor will be Chang Yin Tang, formerly charge d'affaires at Madrid, and now deputy vice president of foreign affairs.

Mr. Wu is now in Peru, to which country he has been credited along with the United States.

**\$20,000 Emerald Was \$60,000 Diamond.**  
Mrs. Claude Watney, who has one of the most valuable collections of gems in London, was recently presented with a jewel her husband had bought on the continent for \$20,000 as an emerald. When shown to an expert it proved to be a green diamond worth \$60,000.

**Bermuda Onion Trust Formed.**  
The Bermuda onion growers of the Laredo, Texas, district have formed an organization to control the American onion market. Their onion crop this season sold for \$900,000. They say that their lack of organization enabled eastern buyers to depress prices.

## Train Kills Man; He Saves Baby.

William Coates, watchman at a railroad crossing at Cedar Rapids, Ia., was instantly killed by a passenger train while saving the life of a four-year-old boy. He succeeded in throwing the boy out of danger.

## CONFESSES TO COUSIN'S MURDER

Maryland Mau Brutally Slain In  
Quarrel Over Whisky.

## BODY FOUND IN LONELY CABIN

Murderer Was "Sweated" By Baltimore Detectives, to Whom He Admitted the Crime—Dead Man Had Been Missing For Nearly a Month.

Baltimore, Aug. 18.—Oliver Herman Harris, who some days ago acknowledged having murderously assaulted his aunt, Mrs. Clara Harris, confessed that on July 22 he had murdered his cousin, Henson Poole, whose terribly decomposed body was found on Saturday afternoon in a closet in the little cabin in which he lived alone, near Rockville, Montgomery county. The confession, which followed two hours' "sweating" by Baltimore detectives, Harris having been brought here largely for that purpose, it is said, was taken down by a stenographer, and a typewritten copy of it was signed by Harris, who broke down when told that his finger prints, taken in the police Bertillon bureau here, were like those made in blood on the doorway of the closet in which Poole's body was found. In it he says that he went to Poole's cabin about 3 a. m., July 22, to buy some whisky, and that a quarrel arose over the question whether he or Poole should put water in the liquor. The confession continues:

"He came toward me and I knocked him down. When he got up he grabbed for the rifle. I then grabbed the rifle and shot him and hit him with a hammer. I did not want him to make any noise and draw a crowd. I shot him twice more while he was on the mattress. I then dragged him to the closet and shut the door."

Harris further said that he took two quarts of whisky and \$52 in money which Poole had, together with his keys and went away. Subsequently, he went to a fair at Rockville and to Washington, where the money taken from Poole was spent.

Poole not having been seen for about three weeks, his father became uneasy, and on Saturday began the search which ended in the finding of the body of his son in his home, the door of which had to be forced to secure entrance.

While the stolen money lasted Harris seemed to have given no thought to the possible consequences of the crime. Finally realizing something of his position, however, and needing money with which to get away from the neighborhood, his thoughts turned to his aunt, Mrs. Clara Harris. He knew that she usually kept some money at her home, but took it with her whenever she left there. Sending her word that a relative was ill and needed her, Harris waylaid her in the field and almost killed her. Robbery alone was the motive of this crime, Harris says. Mrs. Harris was shot and beaten very much as was Poole. This, and the fact that Harris appeared to have been the last person to see Poole alive, threw upon him the suspicion which brought out his confession.

## LOST WILL STRANGELY FOUND

Discovered in Family Bible, Written On a Card.

Washington, Pa., Aug. 18.—Turning the pages of the family Bible, Mrs. Mira Wonseller, discovered her husband's will, covering an estate valued at \$55,000, over which two branches of the family have bitterly fought since the death of Mr. Wonseller in 1907. A will made several days before the man's death was set aside by the court and one made earlier, in which a daughter was the chief beneficiary, declared valid.

A sale of some of the personal effects of the deceased was to have been made, when the new will, of later date than the one probated was found, written on a card. If it is upheld by the court the wife will receive the entire estate.

## Killed By Exploding Gasoline Tank.

Wilmington, Del., Aug. 18.—By the explosion of a gasoline tank in the Tropenas Steel works at New Castle, due to a workman holding a torch too near the fluid, James T. Ryan, aged thirty-four years, a workman, was killed. He was blown to the roof, a height of fifty feet. Both arms were broken and he was fearfully crushed. Joseph Kimble, another workman, was badly injured.

## Six Inches of Snow at Johannesburg.

Johannesburg, Aug. 18.—The heaviest snow fall in many years occurred here. Six inches had fallen at noon and the storm was still in progress. The telegraph and telephone services are badly disorganized and business has been almost suspended. The members of the stock exchange ceased business long enough to engage in a snowball battle.

## Bull Fight to Raise Taft Fund.

El Paso, Aug. 18.—For the purpose of raising money for entertaining Presidents Taft and Diaz, when they meet here, the leading citizens of Ciudad Juarez, opposite El Paso, gave an amateur bull fight. Three bulls were killed.

## FIGHT FOR LIFE IN OPEN SEA

Crew of Schooner Arlington In  
Six-Hour Battle For Life.

## ONE SWEEPED TO SEA AND LOST

Captain Lost His Bearings in Driving Rain and Fog, and Mistaking Lights of Hotel For Those of Ocean Liner, His Vessel Ran Aground and Will Be a Total Loss.

New York, Aug. 18.—Long Island life savers, after a six hours' battle, added another victory against the sea to their long list of remarkable rescues, when they brought safely to land the captain and crew—seven souls in all—from the three-masted schooner Arlington, of Boston, which went ashore in the driving rain and fog off Long Beach, on the south shore of Long Island.

The eighth member of the crew, Madden Pierson, a Swede, who put off from the schooner on a raft with the hope of reaching the shore with a line, was swept out to sea by the tide and lost sight of. It is believed that he perished. It was at first reported that Pierson had been picked up five miles to the north, near Rockaway Beach, but this was not borne out.

The rescue from the schooner was witnessed by cheering guests of the Nassau hotel at Long Beach and by hundreds of cottagers. And, strangely, the hotel was indirectly responsible for the vessel's plight, for Captain Ira Small, after having lost his bearings, mistook the glimmering lights in the structure for those of a liner in mid-ocean, and thus misled, ran aground. The schooner, heavily laden with anthracite, bound from this port for Mayport, Fla., struck a sandbar three hundred yards off shore while the rain made the dim early morning light more impenetrable. Pounded by a heavy sea, while a terrific easterly gale was blowing, she began to yield immediately.

Boats and life preservers went with the first crash, and the masts, which bent to the gale and appeared likely to go down at any moment, seemed an unsafe shelter to the captain. He and the crew accordingly climbed out on the bowsprit.

The life savers reached the scene soon after daybreak. They worked frantically, but in vain, trying to shoot a line to the wreck. The high seas and wind made this impossible, but perseverance won the day. After six futile attempts they succeeded in getting a surf boat through the breakers to the lee of the wreck, and the rescue of the imperiled sailors followed.

Aside from a broken ankle sustained by the cabin boy and the suffering incident to exposure, which all sustained, no one was seriously injured.

## GIRL IN NIGHTGOWN PRAYS IN STREET

Young New York Woman Suffers With Religious Mania.

New York, Aug. 18.—Weak from cold, with only a blanket covering her night gown and without shoes or stockings, a young woman was found at One Hundred and Forty-seventh street and Amsterdam avenue kneeling in prayer.

She was taken to Harlem hospital, where Dr. Cassini said she was suffering from religious mania. The woman said she was Miss Mary Louise Hart, of 287 West One Hundred and Forty-seventh street.

## POLITICIAN A SUICIDE

Reading Man Drinks Poison After Wife Leaves Him.

Reading, Pa., Aug. 18.—Albert H. Rauenzahn, aged thirty-nine years, a prominent Republican politician, committed suicide. He drank cyanide of potassium. Two weeks ago his wife left him, following some domestic trouble.

## Fatally Hurt Watching Fight.

Mahanoy City, Pa., Aug. 18.—Watching a quarrel between two youths of his own age, fifteen-year-old John Bugder was struck on the head by a big stone, which fractured his skull. He will die. Joseph Stuckon is under arrest.

## Negro to Hang For Assault.

Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 18.—Rogers Merritt, a negro, was convicted in the superior court here of criminal assault upon Miss Maggie McDermott, sixteen years old, on the night of June 23 last.

## Drink of Water Caused Death.

Shamokin, Pa., Aug. 18.—Making a mistake, following his rising from bed to get a drink of water, William Persing fell down a flight of stairs and was so badly injured that he died.

## To Insure Only Total Abstinents.

Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 18.—Application for a charter for an insurance company that will accept risks only on total abstainers was filed with Secretary of State Cook.



## Farm and Garden

### POSSIBILITIES IN CORN.

With Special Reference to Several Varieties of Sweet Brands.

It is not too late to consider sweet corn, of which there are several varieties. The illustration gives an idea of the high state of perfection to which any species of corn, sweet or otherwise, can attain when cultivated with care. The illustration shows the possibilities of the better brands when properly planted and grown under good conditions.

A popular standard of sweet corn is the Early White Cob Cary. The White Cob has all the good qualities of its parent and with the added advantage of having a white cob and pure white grains. The stalks are of medium height, stout and stocky, allowing a close planting. In good land, well fertilized, two ears may be grown to the stalk. It is not only the best early variety, producing marketable ears



WHAT CULTURE WILL DO FOR CORN.

fifty-five days from germination, but it is also the best corn to plant for the early fall markets.

The Country Gentleman is the best second early variety for the private family as well as for the retail trade. The corn is of delicious quality—considered the sweetest in cultivation. Planted on rich ground and given extra fertilizing and culture, two or three large ears can be grown to the stalk. Stowell's Evergreen is the standard variety both for market and for the private family. The ears are of large size, grains deep, tender and sweet, a vigorous grower, producing one to two large ears to the stalk. It requires fully sixty days to mature marketable ears.

To have a succession plant every twelve days. The ground for sweet corn should be deeply plowed, harrowed and rolled until fine and mellow. Spread well rotted, rich manure in the furrow, then sow 400 pounds of a complete fertilizer to the acre on top of the mixture; mix the manure and phosphate with the earth; drop three grains twenty inches apart in the row. Hubbard squash or crook neck pumpkins may be planted in every fifth row. Give frequent and thorough culture. Two good workings with the hoe should be given. In eastern corn states the varieties referred to are planted as late as the last of July.

#### Milk For Poultry.

All kinds of poultry have a great fondness for either sweet or sour milk. It is a cheap food when properly fed. Separator milk, direct from the factory, mixed with corn chop, makes one of the best foods to fatten old hens. For laying hens and half grown chickens it may be poured into troughs just as it comes from the factory. For young chickens and turkeys it should be made into curds. The milk must be fed with judgment, especially to young turkeys, as all overfeeding will prove fatal. A moderate feed is all right, but too much will cause a loss. Give a small feed of curd mixed with corn chop late in the afternoon.

#### To Revive Grass.

No top dressing or fertilizer will do more to revive grass than nitrate of soda, and it should be used in combination with materials containing phosphoric acid and potash. A mixture of 150 pounds of nitrate of soda, 150 pounds of acid phosphate and 75 pounds of muriate of potash is recommended. Grass, even in the old meadows, will respond very quickly to this treatment.

#### Long Handled Tools.

Every farmer should use long handled tools instead of short ones and have his plow handles as far apart again as most of them are. The seats on his vehicles should be high enough and deep enough to enable him to sit up straight and not acquire a humped back.

### ROOT OF ALL GROWTH.

What the Middle West Knows About the "Dry" Process.

"Dry farming" is a misnamed science. It is a recent discovery and is being taught to the new settlers in the middle west and in Colorado. To those who know nothing of it the idea may be described as farming by conserving natural moisture. The new settlers learned that there were copious rains in the fall, heavy snows in winter and rains in the spring again. If this moisture, which ran off into swollen streams with the coming of spring, could be conserved to the growing crops the desert might yet be rejuvenated, and so they set to work.

The great farms were plowed ten and twelve inches deep. They were harrowed fine in the fall, and the rain was allowed to settle in the subsoil. In the spring they were cultivated again, these 10,000 acre farms, and they were left standing to absorb moisture for a year, with constant cultivating to help the moisture retention.

The second fall the seed was put in, and the new rains and snow and thaws brought out the spring wheat thicker and greener than ever. But what of the blistering suns of summer? The new farmer prepared for them by blanketing his land to keep the sun from drying out his subsoil. For this purpose a dust mulch was spread over all the sowed land. The rays of the sun were reflected by it and underneath the moisture nourished the roots of the wheat, though the tops were dry.

The experiment succeeded, and the country had been proved "good for something anyhow."

This mode of scientific conservation of the moisture has been the root of all growth. Through it alfalfa, with its stout roots digging far down to the subterranean springs, has been made possible. Through it the first sugar beets were grown.

These are, to be sure, vastly separable products, having to do with distinct industries. Alfalfa means cattle, and sugar beets mean sugar mills and towns. Alfalfa came first. Then corn came, and then the cattle were introduced anew.

Now all through these regions are great ranches where hand fed and fattened cattle are produced—not the gaunt range steers of Texas, but fat cattle, ready for the market and commanding top prices.

#### Painting Farm Implements.

The farmer who takes proper care of his implements not only houses them and keeps them in good adjustment, but he paints them occasionally. Paint closes all cracks and keeps out the moisture. It not only preserves the wood, but the iron parts are benefited as well. It also gives the tools a much better appearance. Before applying new paint remove all old paint that is likely to scale off and see that all parts are thoroughly clean and dry.

#### Birds Which Destroy Chinch Bugs.

The birds which are the most beneficial in destroying chinch bugs are quail, prairie chicken, meadow lark, red wing blackbird and catbird. It has come to be the belief of most entomologists and botanists that little help can be expected from the parasitic fungi in holding this insect pest in check.

#### Chickens a Money Bringer.

The chicken is universal, a money bringer of more or less amount upon every farm, and no other staple is so. A farm may have no grain to sell, but it is sure to sell in the year some chickens and eggs. There are no farms where there are no chickens and



THE SURE THING ON THE FARM.

money return from them. The universality of the chicken on farms gives the business, incidental as it is in each particular case, the first place as a money getter. The sum of infinite small units against the finite and limited larger ones gives the excess to the poultry returns in Missouri.

Odd again is it that this industry, so large and vast, is conducted so easily and quietly. There is no sweat, no strain, no worry over chickens. The industry seems to care for itself and cares extremely well. Men of the farms look slightly upon it as a woman's affair, unworthy of a grown man's serious attention, and it is attended to almost exclusively by the women and children, while the money return is woman's money to spend as she sees fit, independent of that for support and maintenance furnished as duty calls by the lord and master from sources under his direction, man's work. That the chicken money, the woman's money, is big as it is speaks the story for the hen and the housewife. They outdo the male and anything of his except in the ability to crow.

### QUEER HOSPITALITY.

A Curious Experience in the Wilds of Arabia.

Of the curious ideas of hospitality held by some of the natives of that wild country lying between Bagdad and Damascus two travelers, Captain Butler and Captain Aylmer, tell in the Geographical Magazine: "We found Feysul Ibn Rashid (a minor ruler of Arabia) sitting in a low room, the roof of which was supported by wooden pillars. All round the sides of the room were spread carpets, on which sat his viziers and members of his court. He is a man of thirty-three years, with a dark, pointed beard, good, regular features, but eyes that are cold and cruel, and he has a nervous, fidgety manner and was all the time arranging his abba (cloak) and combing and curling his mustache and beard and admiring himself in a small, cheap looking-glass that hung just behind him. Above his head on the wall hung his silver mounted walking stick and a sword, the sheath of which was also covered in silver. He was very richly dressed.

"On our arrival at the house placed at our disposal we congratulated ourselves on our good fortune in having such a cordial welcome, but we were speedily disillusioned. We had not been there more than five minutes when Feysul's head slave, a richly dressed personage called Dahm, came to tell us that the emir would not take our camels or our money as he had plenty of both, but that he would like things of European make or of interest that we happened to have. This was only too true and during our five days' stay there there was a continual procession of slaves and hangers on from the castle demanding things for the emir and his viziers and favorites and demanding them in such a way that it was impossible for us to refuse. At last we had practically nothing of any value left, having been fleeced of watches, revolver, compasses, various clothes and other articles of our kit.

"Apart from this system of more or less polite robbery we were well treated by the emir and had our food sent us from the castle by him. About three or four times a day we had a royal command from him and used to go up to the castle and drink many cups of coffee and excellent sweet tea with him and talk about his country and Europe. He was always very genial on these occasions, and I honestly think he considered he was treating us very well in not taking all we had and turning us adrift to die in the desert."

### RHEUMATISM.

One Course of Treatment For the Cure of the Disease.

To cure rheumatism it is necessary to rid the system of the excess of uric acid, and to do this a proper diet is even more important than the use of drugs, though in very severe cases the latter are not to be despised in conjunction with the dieting that is absolutely essential.

The Massachusetts General hospital of Boston allows the following diet for its rheumatic patients: Graham or brown bread, white bread (limited to one-half slice daily), corn, rice, milk, eggs, flour, puddings, crackers, beans, peas, all kinds of vegetables, except potatoes, tomatoes and asparagus, rhubarb, fresh fish, butter, cheese, buttermilk, cream, alkaline waters and toast. Avoid red meats, starch or potatoes, white bread and sugars.

The sensible use of water both internally and externally plays a large part in the prevention or cure of rheumatism. One or two glasses, either hot or cold, taken before breakfast every morning is excellent to start the organs of digestion for the day, and at least one glass should be taken between meals. Often the plain water will be enough to move a slightly constipated person, but if not a mild medicated water may be taken instead. It is very essential to keep the bowels open in cases of rheumatism.

Uric acid in the system is a poison, and it must not be forgotten that poisonous waste matter is also eliminated through the skin. The pores of the skin must be kept freely open and not allowed to become clogged if we hope to obtain the best results with rheumatic cases. A hot bath at bedtime is often very helpful.—Delineator

#### Maddening Snuff.

On the Amazon river several Indian tribes use snuff, called pareca, which is made of the seeds of a species of plant. When a bout of snuff taking is determined on the people become highly intoxicated and then use the snuff. The effect of pareca is so violent that the taker drops as if shot and lies insensible for some time. Those more accustomed to it are highly excited, dancing and singing as if mad. The effect soon subsides. Other tribes use it to repel ague during the wet season.

#### Plenty to Do Them.

"Remember that you can't do everything with money."

"Oh, I know that. But the things you can't do with money are being done by so many other people that there's no reason why one should want to do them."—Chicago Record-Herald.

#### Sightseeing.

"How did you manage to see everything in Rome inside of two days?" "Well, you see, we got up early, my wife went to the shops, my daughter to the picture galleries, and I took in the restaurants. In the evening we compared notes."—Fliegende Blätter.

#### Contradictory.

"There is safety in numbers," quoted the wise guy.

"Yes, until you discover that too many cooks spoil the broth," added the simple mug.—Philadelphia Record.

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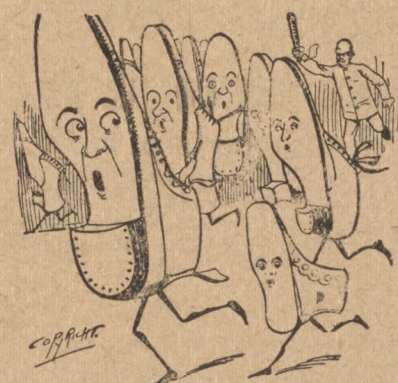
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